

T H E
RIVAL MOTHER:
OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
O F T H E
Countess DE SALENS,
A N D
Her two DAUGHTERS.

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

V O L . II.



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THE
RIVAL MOTHER:
OF THE
HISTORY

OF THE
COUNTESS DE SALINAS



VOL. II.



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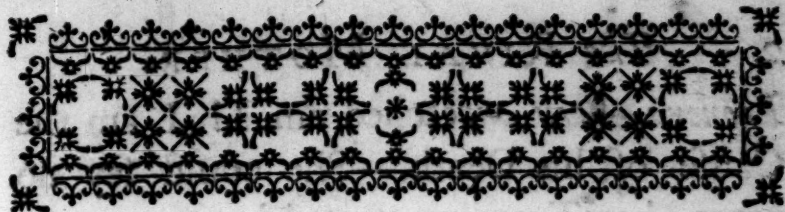
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T H E
RIVAL MOTHER, &c.

V O L. II.

C H A P. I.

*Lions are tame as Lambs, and Tygers mild
As frisking Kids, to that outrageous Monster.*

BARON.

✱ ✱ ✱ A FTER having slept a few Hours,
✱ ✱ ✱ the young Ladies got up, and
✱ ✱ ✱ hastened to the Convent; where,
having waited sometime, the Prior advanced towards them, with a grave melancholy Look; and knowing *Leonora*, begged her Pardon for his not coming sooner. I was prevented, said he, on account of one of our Friars, for whom I had a great Affection, who has just breathed his last. Alas! cried

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B

Leonora,

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Leonora, how wretched am I! I am the Cause of his Death.—She could say no more, her Tears prevented her.

Julia, who heard this Exclamation, could not help shedding some Tears, which the Remembrance of the Count *de Zillman's* tragical End drew from her Eyes. The Prior asked them the Cause of their affliction, when *Mademoiselle de Selnac* told him her Story as briefly as possible. The Benedictine then acknowledged, that his Friend, at the Point of Death, had given him a Relation of it. He advised her to keep the Adventure secret, and not delay her Marriage with the President *de Mouville*.

He then heard her Confession, after which she returned home with *Julia*, filled with the melancholy Idea of the Fate of her unfortunate Lover. On their Arrival, they found Mr. *de Mouville* and a great deal of Company, which obliged them to put a Constraint on themselves, in endeavouring to conceal their Grief. *Mademoiselle de Selnac's* Thoughts, however, were a little diverted at Sight of the
Pre-

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President, but he plainly perceived her Sadness, and upbraided her for it, in Terms that forced her to feign a Chearfulness she was then a Stranger to.

Julia being withdrawn to her Chamber (in pursuance of *Mademoiselle de Selnac's* Permission, whenever there should be Company) gave full scope to her Reflections. She often viewed the Picture of the Count *de Zillman*, and sincerely regretted his Fate. At eight o'Clock in the Evening, *Mademoiselle de Selnac*, who was extremely desirous of being again with *Julia*, went to fetch her down to Supper, telling her that all the Company, except Mr. *de Mouville*, were gone away. They went down together, after having first paid the Tribute of a few Tears to the Memory of the unfortunate Count *de Zillman*.

Julia, whom the President had never seen before, was a little confounded at the Praises he gave her. He assured *Mademoiselle de Selnac*, that this amiable young Woman could not be what she pretended; and that her noble and genteel Carriage

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and sensible Look, plainly shewed the Woman of Rank and Distinction, spight of her Endeavours to conceal it.

Mademoiselle *de Selnac* was of the same Opinion, but could not prevail on *Julia* to confess she was not mistaken, who thought herself nor far enough from Mr. *de Blefemont*, to discover who she was, and feared that every one she saw, was either a Friend or Relation to the Marquis, and that they would oblige her to return to him. She chose to wait for an Answer to some Letters she had lately wrote, before she made herself known to Mademoiselle *de Selnac*. She was very grave the whole Evening, as well as *Leonora*, though they did all in their Power, not to appear so.

After Mr. *de Mouville* was gone, the Conversation turned again upon the unhappy Count; here is the Ring, said *Julia*, shewing it to Mademoiselle *de Selnac*, which he so often and earnestly intreated me to sell him, and which I am vexed I did not let him have; my Fears lest it should not be his Property, and lest a Traveller, who left it with my Aunt,

Aunt, should come, and demand it again; prevented me, added she, from giving it to the Count, to whom I am now convinced it belonged.

I cannot conceive, why he should shew so eager a Desire to have this Ring, said Mademoiselle *de Selnac*, after having examined it, but without discovering the Secret it contained: Tho' it is well set, and neatly engraved, it does not seem to me to be worth twenty Pistoles. But as the Count is no more, I wish you would keep it, that it may put you in Remembrance of our unhappy Adventure. I shall never forget that, answered *Julia*, and shall willingly keep the Ring, if nobody obliges me to part with it.

The next Day, *Julia* accompanied Mademoiselle *de Selnac* to the Castle, where she was to be married: Madam *de Mesval* waited, with Impatience, for her future Sister-in-Law. So soon as Mademoiselle *de Selnac* and *Julia* appeared, she went and received them, with the greatest Politeness and Cordiality.

The Ladies were no sooner arrived, than Mr. *de Mouville* caused a fine Fire-work to be played off. The Castle, as well as the Gardens, were finely illuminated; the Company was composed of Friends and Relations, to the President, and Mademoiselle *de Selnac*; Mr. *Mesval* was the only Person wanting, but would certainly have made one at the Ceremony, had not an Order been sent him from the King, requiring him to join his Regiment, with all Expedition.

Madam *de Selnac* would have deferred the Marriage till his Return, but Mr. *de Mouville*, joined his own, to his Sister's Intreaties, to prevail on her, to alter her Resolution; and, after having passed the Evening, in contriving every Thing that could entertain his Mistress, they were conducted to the Chapel of the Castle, to be married there. It was four o'Clock in the Morning before the Ceremony was ended; for which Reason, all the Company went to Bed, after having attended the new married Couple, to a Chamber prepared for them.

Whilst

Whilst these Things passed, *Julia* had shut herself up in a Closet, near *Madam de Selnac's* Chamber: And, at the Time the rest of the Company, in the Castle, were giving a loose to Joy, she was mournfully ruminating on her Misfortunes. These Ideas, heightened by her natural Disposition to Melancholy, prevented her sinking into the Arms of Sleep.

It was five o'Clock, and she had not once closed her Eyes; when a violent Head-ach, seizing her, left her not the least Room to hope for any Rest. She therefore got up, and opened a Glass-Door, which adjoined to a Walk of Linden-Trees, terminated by a Labyrinth. The Stillness, that every where prevailed, the Safety of the Place she was in, and the Sun just beginning to rise, inclined her to walk in those gloomy Alleys. In the Center of the Labyrinth was a Saloon, from whence she saw a young Man come forth, who ran to her, and fell on her Neck; during her first Surprise, she was on the Point of calling out for Help, but having cast her Eyes on the Person, who

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had so freely accosted her, she burst into an Exclamation, and, unable to utter a Word, in her turn, she clasped him in her Arms, and repaid, a hundred-fold, the Embraces she had before received.

A Woman, about fifty Years old, then came out of the Saloon, and approaching her, embraced her several times. And *Julia's* Attention was so taken up, that she did not perceive *Madam de Selnac*, who was observing her.

That Lady, whom excessive Joy, and the great Heat of the Season, had prevented from Sleeping, had walked out to take the Air in the Grove, where she imagined there had been no other Company. The Actions of *Julia* and the young Man, had made her stop, near a large Tree, which concealed her; she was so amazed at *Julia's* unguarded, and free Behaviour, that she stood like a Statue. But a very Ill-looking Man, whom she saw advance, did not leave her a Moment in that Situation, and put an End to her Reflections.

For on a sudden, he approached *Julia*, and the Person that was with her, and the
Moment

Moment they were about to seat themselves on a Bench, which was near them, with his Sword, he stabbed them both, so that they fell on the Ground. *Julia*, as she dropped, knew her Affassin to be the Marquis *de Blefemont*. Cruel Wretch, cried she, art thou not contented, with the Woes thou hast already made me feel, but must thou again make an Attempt upon my Life, and on that of a Person, whom I love dearly as myself?

His Answer, to this Expostulation, consisted only of a few Words, full of Fury, and he got away as fast as he possibly could.

The old Woman, who seemed to belong to the young Man, could not give them the least Assistance, for she fainted away, the very Moment *Julia* and he were wounded. Madam *de Selnac*, who had not Time to prevent the unhappy Accident, ran to the Castle, alarmed several Persons, and brought them to the Labyrinth. *Julia* and the young Man, were carried back to Madam *de Mesval's*; and the Woman that was with them, being recovered from

her Swoon, followed them, and was conducted to another Chamber.

A Surgeon, who was immediately sent for, searched their Wounds, and said they were not dangerous. But he greatly astonished Madam *de Selnac*, and the other Persons, who were awaked by the Noise that had been made, by informing them, that the young Stranger, whose Wound he had just dressed, was a Woman in Disguise. That he had discovered it by the Delicacy of her Features and Complexion, and still more evidently, by the most beautiful Neck he ever saw: And, that the fair Peasant, had several times, called the pretended young Man, her Sister.

This Information raised a new Amazement, in all those that heard it, and augmented their Curiosity, to know who *Julia* was, as well as the other Incognita. Madam *de Mesval*, and Madam *de Selnac*, took Care they should want for nothing. They were put into the same Chamber, at their own earnest Intreaty: And diligent Search was made over the whole Castle, and in all the adjacent Parts, after the Person

son who had assassinated them; but fruitlessly, for he had escaped.

It has been already observed, that *Julia* knew the Person who had attempted to take away her Life, to be no other than the Marquis *de Blefemont*; who, having long sought after her, had advanced to Madam *de Mesval*'s Castle, where he had seen the Arrival of every one invited to Mr. *de Mouville*'s Marriage; and, by an unlucky Effect of Chance, was not far from Madam *de Selnac*'s Coach, when it entered the Avenue to the Castle. But neither *Julia*'s Disguise, nor the Precaution she took, to conceal herself, when any Stranger appeared, could keep her from the Knowledge of that infamous Wretch.

Delighted at this Discovery, he immediately formed a Design to carry her off: In order to effect it, he slipped, unperceived, into the Castle, at the Time every Body was taken up with the Fire-works and Illuminations: And, having met with the Gardiner's Servant, he entered into Conversation with him, and, by
Means

Means of a Bribe, prevailed on him, to lend him the Key of one of the Garden-Doors, next the Country, under the Pre-text of coming with some of his Friends, to see the Rejoicings, that were to be in the Garden and Park.

Provided with this Key, he had posted his People at the Entrance of the Door, and had commanded them to join him on a certain Signal agreed on; after which he entered the Labyrinth, and searched the whole Grove, in Hopes of meeting her alone, or but slenderly accompanied: But after having, ineffectually, waited for her the whole Night, he sought after the Person who had trusted him with the Key, in Hopes to bring him over entirely, and to prevail on him, to procure him the Means of entering the very Chamber where *Julia* lay, and of seizing her in her Sleep. Such were his Designs, when he saw her approach. This unexpected Meeting, made him set about to execute his first Project; but, having directly seen her in the Arms of a young Man, he furiously fell on them both, and avenged himself, in the Man-
ner

ner before related, for the supposed Injury he had received.

Being persuaded that the Wounds he had given them were mortal, he directly made his Escape to the little Door, where he found a Horse ready, and his People waiting for him; which was the Reason for his not being found, when he was searched after, by the Order of *Madam de Mesval*. I shall mention in the Sequel, what became of him, being unwilling the Reader should lose Sight of the Transactions in the Castle.

Mr. and *Madam de Mouville*, who were the only Persons unacquainted with the Misfortune that had happened, heard the Story when they awaked, with equal Surprize and Grief. The latter, especially, was greatly afflicted at it; she arose in haste, and went to *Julia*, whom she loved exceedingly: And finding her extreamly pale and weak, it alarmed her much; but was greatly comforted, when she heard it was caused only by the great loss of Blood she had sustained. However, she did not care to interrogate her, about all she was desirous

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rous of knowing, because the Surgeon had strictly ordered, none should disturb her. But, *Julia*, regardless of the Prohibition, attempted to converse with her, but had not Strength to do it, therefore Madam *de Mouville* prayed her to keep herself still, and left her with great Reluctance, to join some Company, who were come to visit her.

Two or three Days past, before she had a Moment to herself; tired at this Constraint, at the very Time, she had several Causes of Uneasiness, she prevailed on Mr. *de Mouville*, that the Balls, and other Diversions, which they were still to give, should be deferred, till *Julia* should be perfectly recovered. This occasioned diverse Persons, who had been invited to the Entertainments, to take leave of the Bride and Bridegroom; and no more Company stayed at Madam *de Mesval's*, than just enough to prevent Time from hanging on their Hands. All the Hurry and Noise was over, and now Cards and Walking were their only Amusements.

Madam

Madam *de Mouville*, who could not forget what had happened to the Count *de Zillman*, and who was continually reproaching herself for his Death, tho' she now loved Mr. *de Mouville* alone, was infinitely pleased that she should not be obliged to assist at Diversions, at a Time she was so incapable of relishing them.

She even confessed to her Husband, the manner of her meeting with the Count *de Zillman*, and what Despair had driven him to perpetrate. Nor did she conceal from him, that she was grieved at his Loss.

Mr. *de Mouville* did not disapprove her Sentiments, and joined with her in lamenting the Destiny of a Man, who so highly deserved a happier Fate.

Though his Death absolutely took away every Cause of Fear, he could have wished, he said, to restore him to Life, and make him his Friend, so greatly he esteemed him. He was touched at the Preference which his dear *Leonora* had given him, to the Count, when she was so much Mistress of her own Actions: And expressed his Gratitude, on that Account,
in

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in Terms the most tender and affectionate, and by the strongest Assurances, that he would love her his whole Life, with the same Ardour, as he felt for her that Moment. She thanked him for so agreeable a Promise, and turned to go (as he did also) to Madam *de Selnac*, and Madam *de Mesval*, who were walking in another Alley. Madam *de Mesval* had a Letter in her Hand, which she shewed to her Brother: It comes from my Husband, said she, and he writes me word, he cannot be here these seven or eight Days. I must own, it seems to me to be a great while, and I shall expect him with the greatest Impatience. But what grieves me most, added she, sighing, is, that I am afraid he will not have an equal Impatience, to see me again. Prithee, Sister, why do you think so, said the President to her? Has not he, do you think, as great an Affection for *you*, as you have for *him*? I know not what to say to it, answered she, but I sometimes am afraid he has not.

Mr. and Madam *de Meuville*, and Madam *de Selnac*, endeavoured to convince her

her she must be mistaken. That she was so amiable a Wife, that Mr. *de Mesval* could not avoid entertaining such Sentiments for her, as she could wish. So saying, they returned to the Castle, that they might enquire what Condition *Julia*, and her Sister were in.

It was told them they were asleep, and that they had almost lost their Fever. Madam *de Mouville* was delighted to hear it, and would not go into their Chamber, for fear of disturbing them. She even deprived herself of that Satisfaction, for several Days afterwards, because they assured her, it was unfit they should see any Company. At last being told they were out of Danger, she and Madam *de Sénac* went to see them.

Julia, and *Felicia*, gave them a thousand Thanks, for the great Care that had been taken of them. The former told them, that, after the signal Marks of Friendship she had received, it would be inexcusable for her, to leave them any longer in Ignorance, of her Name and Misfortunes. She therefore owned who
she

she was, and the Reasons which had obliged her to put on a Dress so unsuitable to her Rank. And that it was Mr. *de Blefemont*, who attempted to take away her Life. She also added, that she had met her Sister, when she did not in the least expect it. That she was extremely happy to see her again, and was very desirous to have some Conversation with her: Which she could not obtain, because the Nurses, who attended them, had so punctually obeyed the Orders given by the Surgeons, not to suffer the least Disturbance, that they could not speak the least Word to each other.

You shall be left at your Liberty to Day, interrupted Madam *de Selnac*, and since the Surgeon no longer forbids, I see no Reason, why you should be denied that Satisfaction.

Then calling the Women, who had attended those Ladies, she bid them, for the future, not to lay any Constraint upon their Patients, but to let them converse with each other, whenever they had a Mind to it. *Julia* repeated her Thanks to Madam *de Selnac*, and Madam *de Mourville*,
and

and intreated them not to declare immediately, who they were, save only to Mr. *de Mouville*, and Madam *de Mesval*. Those Ladies promised them Secrecy, and having embraced them, departed; and went to inform the President and Madam *de Mesval*, of the Circumstances they were permitted to acquaint them with.

C H A P. II.

*Howe'er in private, Mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth.*

CONGREVE.

JULIA was no sooner alone, than she put on one of the Gowns which had been left in her Chamber, by Madam *de Mesval*'s Order, for her and her Sister. She approached *Felicia*'s Bed, supported by her Nurse, whom she immediately sent away, to an adjoining Closet: When having embraced her Sister, several times, she sat down in an Easy-Chair, by her Bedside, and asked her, by what lucky Accident she had got out of the Hands of her Ravishers?
And

And who the Wretches were, that had been so Audacious to carry her off, and had so effectually concealed her, spight of the diligent Search that had been made, to find out where she was ?

I will inform you reply'd, *Felicia* ; and how will you be surprized, my dear Sister, to hear it was *Dufour*, who, by Order of the Countess, our Mother, carried me off, and conducted me to her Castle in *Brittany* ?

How ! said *Julia*, my Mother, that made such a Stir to find you again, and even deplored your Loss, could *she* be capable of such an Action ? Indeed, Sister, she was, replied *Felicia*, and you will be convinced of it, when you hear the Story, I have to tell you. You know, continued she, that some Men in Disguise, whom we met in the Forest, forced me into a Post-Chaise : *Dufour* did not discover himself till I alighted ; when, the Sight of him, threw me into an Astonishment, which was greatly increased, upon hearing him tell the Keeper and his Wife, that it was the Countess's Orders, to have me shut up
in

in one of the Towers of the Castle, and not to be permitted to see, or speak with any Person whatsoever.

What Crime have I been guilty of, said I, shedding Tears? That's no Business of mine, answered he, roughly, my Orders are to bring you hither, and not to leave you, till I have seen you safe lodged in the Tower. Come, said he, Mr. *Du Clos*, do you and your Wife, without Delay, execute her Ladyship's Orders, for I have no Time to spare. Those People, who did not seem to be a whit more Courteous, than *Dufour*, did not stand to be twice bidden, but, spight of my Tears and Intreaties, forced me up to the Tower, and there locked me in.

During the rest of the Day, and also the following Night, I was overwhelmed with the greatest Despair; but violent as it was, it did not prevent me from thinking of my own Preservation. I eat of what they set before me; for I had scarce taken the least Refreshment upon the Road.

In

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In Time my Grief abated, and I even began, at last, to be reconciled to my Prison, which certainly was a very dismal one, for no Light entered, but thro' a narrow high Window, which was so closely grated, that a Hand could not be thrust through the Bars.

In this gloomy Abode, was a very small grated Hole, which looked into the Chapel of the Castle: Thro' this I heard Mass every Holiday, which was celebrated by the Curate of the next Parish, who was Son of Mr. *Duclos*.

In Order to divert me, Mrs. *Duclos*, sent me some of my Mother's Books. Her Husband brought my Dinner, and other Meals, every Day, which he put in at another Grate; and this he both opened and shut, without speaking a Word to me.

Neither did I ever attempt to enter into the least Conversation with him; his rough and cruel Look, not affording me any Hope that he would ever befriend me. One Day, coming later than usual, to bring my Dinner, he perceived through
the

the Grate, that I was not yet up, he was surprized at it, and called to me three or four times, to know if I was sick : I returned him no Answer, being in a sound Sleep. He thinking I was either fainted away, or dead, entered the Room to inform himself.

I awaked at the Noise he made, and was about to rise ; but he opened my Curtains, that very Moment, in a Manner that made me tremble. He had never set his Foot in my Prison, since I had inhabited it ; therefore I concluded he had Orders to make an Attempt upon my Life. This Idea so terrified me, that I had not Strength to ask him what he wanted ; I only slipped on a Gown, and threw myself at his Feet, without knowing what I did. He saw to how great a Degree I was frightened, and did me the Favour to raise me up, and to tell me, that he was not come to give me any Trouble. At these Words I recovered my Spirits, and the rather, as I observed, that his Features were a little softened when he spoke to me, and that he viewed me with a tolerable kind Look.

I had,

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I had, for some Time, flattered myself with the Hope of regaining my Liberty, when one Night, about twelve o'Clock, my Nurse (who had an Apartment, allotted her, in the Castle, and knew of my Imprisonment) came running in, and said, let us fly this Instant, *Duclos* and his Wife, who have been this Day, regaling some of their Neighbours, have made so free with their Liquor, that they have quite drowned their Senses. I seized the lucky Moment, added she, and have stolen their Keys; and am come to set you free from a Bondage, which has made me almost as miserable as yourself. I will conduct you to a Farm-House, belonging to my Son, about two Leagues off, where we will concert proper Measures, to conceal you from the Pursuit, which doubtless, will be made after you.

We set out immediately, and when we arrived at her Son's House, she told me, I must lye concealed there seven or eight Days: That she would go back to the Castle, to take of all Suspicion of her being concerned in my Escape, and, that in due Time, she would return to me,
and

and conduct me whithersoever I chose to go.

Some Days afterwards, I saw her again: *Duclos*, said she, to me, has made a fruitless Search after you, and is extremely troubled, at your Escape; but is determined not to inform the Countess of it, for fear of incurring her Anger. And, now my dear Lady, continued the good Woman, I will attend you, whither you please, and never leave you, whilst I can be of any Service to you. I have some Money, more than enough (I am persuaded) to defray the Expence of our Journey, and the Residue, you shall dispose of as you think proper.

Mrs. *Dupré*, for that was her Name, having made me this kind Offer, took her Leave once more, and left me again with her Son, who was a young Man, about my own Age, and lately married.

Both he and his Wife, behaved with the greatest Respect to me; and to prevent my being discovered, they advised me to disguise myself, like a Country Girl, which I did, by putting on his Wife's Clothes.

26 *The* RIVAL MOTHER.

As they were obliged to go every Day to overlook their Servants and Workmen, I accompanied them, to avoid being left alone in the House. I only had the Precaution to pull my Cap so forward, that my Face could not easily be seen. One Day I was so greatly incommoded by the Heat of the Sun, that being ready to faint, I sat myself down by the Side of the next Hedge. Mrs. Dupré's Son and Daughter, seeing I was not well, came up and asked what was the Matter with me? The Husband finding me pale and senseless, sat down on the Ground, supported my Head, and sent his Wife to get some Water. In the mean-time I recovered from my swooning, and opening my Eyes, saw, about twenty Yards off, the Baron de Granville.

I must confess, said *Felicia* to her Sister, that the Sight of him agreeably, surprized me. And getting up feeble as I was, to inform myself what kind Genius had brought him to the Place where I was, to my great Disappointment, instead of returning any Answer, he gave me a cold and disdainful

disdainful Look, and spurred on his Horse, so that I soon lost Sight of him. The Baron's Behaviour equally amazed and grieved me. I asked young *Dupré*, if the Gentleman said any Thing to him? Why, ay, he seemed surprized at the Sight of you, answered he, and very haughtily asked me who I was, and how you came to be with me? His proud Looks, and uncivil Behaviour, so displeased me, that to cut short his curious Enquiry, Ecod, I told him, in two Words, you was my Wife. His Answer was, Good Heavens! Is it possible, so mean a Soul should be joined to so fair a Body? Now this slighting Speech, you must know, made me resolve not to say a Word more to him. He viewed you a Moment, and fetched a deep Sigh. You then came to yourself, and spoke to him, but he was so uncivil, as you know, not to return you any Answer, and was gone like Lightening: And, now, Madam, I have told you, the long, and the short of the Matter.

Dupré's Story grieved me beyond Expression: I desired him to go after the

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Gentleman, endeavour to overtake him, and bring him back, if possible. He obligingly quitted his Work, and mounting one of his Cart-Horses, immediately rode after the Baron. But in about three Hours, he returned, and assured me, he had not been able to come up with him. This Answer heightened my Grief. We soon after returned to his House, where I found my Nurse, who told me, she was come to ask, when I proposed to leave the Place, where I was? She also assured me, they began to give over all Thoughts of me at the Castle; that they did not suspect her, of being accessary to my Escape, and that we might go away whenever I thought fit. We will set out on our Journey then, To-morrow, answer'd I, if you have no Objection. None in the least, replied she; but, in my Opinion, it would be safer for you to put on a Suit of my Son's Clothes; for I think you are too remarkable in your present Dress. Her Son and Daughter being of the same Opinion, I followed their Advice, spight of the
great

great Reluctance I felt, to put on a Garb so unsuitable to my Sex.

At two o'Clock, the next Morning, I was ready; and, after having returned many Thanks, to *Dupré* and his Wife, and promised I would hereafter, give them Proofs of my Gratitude, my Nurse and I mounted our Horses, which her Son had lent us, and directed our Course towards the Place where we were to embark.

We performed our Journey, and little Voyage, without meeting the least unlucky Accident. I passed for my Nurse's Son, and Nobody suspected otherwise. So soon as we landed, we took the Stage to go to *Blesmont*, where we arrived, after several Days Journey. You may imagine how greatly I was afflicted, to meet there with none but new Faces; to hear that the Marquis *de Blesmont* was dead, and that the Chevalier had espoused you, and taken you with him, to his House by the Seaside.

Being quite confounded, at this unexpected News, I told Mrs. *Dupré*, that I was determined to follow you thither. Ac-

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cordingly we set out, and on the fourth Day arriving near *Beautros*, we were inform'd, by some Peasants, whom we met, that you had made your Escape from Mr. *de Blesemont*, and, that he was making the strictest Search after you: This Information was a new Cause of Grief to me, as I knew not in what Manner I could dispose of myself. However, at last, I resolved to go to the Convent, of which my Aunt is Abbess; and communicating my Intention to Mrs. *Dupré*, we were about to take the Stage-Coach, for that Purpose, when we saw the Carriage which brought you here. I happily cast my Eyes towards you, and your Features were so strongly engraved in my Mind, that I could not take another for you. My first Emotion was to call to you; but I reflected, that my Impatience might possibly cause you some Uneasiness; I therefore suspended it, and only followed you, and saw you alight at this Castle. At last, the Night approaching, it determined us to shew ourselves at Madam *de Mesval's*, in order to ask for you: When seeing one of the Park-
Gates

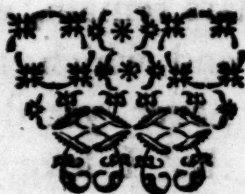
Gates open, we entered, and passed thro' a number of little Alleys, none of which brought us to the Castle, or to any other Place where we could meet with a single Person; and to add to our Mortification, we could not find the Gate again, by Reason of the Darknes; and I then concluded we were in a Labyrinth, where we might probably be obliged to tarry till Day-light: And finding the Saloon you saw me come out of, and thinking it a proper Place to shelter us in, we entered it without making the least Noise: We were on the Point of leaving it, when we saw you walking in the Alleys that surround it. I felt an inexpressible Joy to see you again, and how cruelly our Interview was interrupted, I need not tell you.

What I have now related, continued *Felicia*, is only a Part of my Adventures; many Particulars remain, which you are a Stranger to, and which nearly concern me. I have never yet dared to impart them to you, tho' I love you better than any one in the World: But I will endeavour to atone for that Fault, by sincerely

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confessing them to you, and by making you, for the future, the Depository of my greatest Secrets; but Time will not now permit me, and you will therefore give me leave to defer the Story till another Day. And, now, my dear Sister, I must intreat you to give me, in your turn, the History of your Misfortunes, from the Time I left *Blesmont*; though, by what I heard of them there, and from what you yourself have imparted to *Madam de Selnac*, I partly know them: But I must be ignorant of many Things, which I hope you will favour me with a particular Account of.

It is fit, my dear *Felicia*, said *Julia*, that I should satisfy your Curiosity, and I will begin immediately.



CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*And Wedlock without Love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key.*

BUTLER.

FELICIA, having given her Sister a circumstantial and exact Account, of all that had befallen her, since her Separation; *Leonora*, who tenderly loved her, was sensibly touched at the recital of her Misfortunes; they both deplored the Fate of the late Marquis *de Blefemont*, and a hundred times expressed the utmost Detestation towards his barbarous Cousin.

They could not help mentioning also, the unnatural Behaviour of the Countess their Mother, and grieving that she had so little Affection for them. Their Conversation would have lasted much longer, had not Madam *de Mouville* sent to enquire, if a Visit from her would not be troublesome. She had with her poor Mrs. *Dupré*, who had no return of her Fever, for the two last Days, and who had earnestly en-

treated she might be permitted to see her dear Daughter. Whilst Madam *de Mouville* was talking with the Marchioness, *Felicia's* Nurse begged she might attend her, since she was now able to lend her the Assistance she stood in Need of. *Felicia* readily granted her Request, and desired Madam *de Mouville* to dismiss one of the Nurses, that *Dupré* might supply her Place.

Madam *de Mesval*, Mr. *de Mouville*, and Madam *de Selnac*, entered the Room that Moment. They briefly related to them the Adventures of *Felicia*, in the Castle, where her Mother had confined her; and the Conversation turned chiefly upon the unhappy Destiny of the two amiable Sisters. Several Schemes were laid, to alleviate their Misfortunes; the chief of which, consisted in dissolving *Julia's* Marriage, and making the Countess susceptible of Pity for her Children, who had never once failed of the Duty, or Love, they owed her. Both which were difficult Atchievements: But the President *de Mouville*, promised to use his utmost Credit, and to spare

pare no Pains himself, to accomplish so desirable an End, as soon as he should return to *Paris*. Madam *de Selnac* declared she would not part with them, so long as they had any Thing to fear; and in short, every one present, endeavoured, all in their Power, to make those two Ladies easy.

Madam *de Mesval*, particularly, who was naturally of a chearful Disposition, neglected nothing that was likely to divert them: *Felicia's* Temper greatly pleased her, and her Humour, was at the same Time, very agreeable to the other; so that they soon let each other know, they should gladly become Friends, and soon they were so.

Their Departure for *Paris*, was to be determined by Mr. *de Mouville's* Return, but he made them wait for him longer than they expected; during which Interval, *Julia*, and her Sister, were entirely recovered. On their Account, very little Company were admitted in the Castle; and when, by Chance, any Visitor came, the two young Ladies staid in their Chamber. As no Persons were invited to lye there,

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there, they had commonly an Opportunity of walking in the Evening. Madam *de Mefval* gave very positive Orders, that no Stranger, whatsoever, should be admitted, for fear the Marquis *de Blefemont*, who was known to be absent from *Beautros*, should conceal himself in the Neighbourhood, and find Means, either alone, or by the Assistance of his Servants, to strike some unlucky Blow. The Ladies did not even dare to go far in the Park, having continually before their Eyes, what had lately happened to them.

One Evening, however, when Mr. *de Mourville* was playing at Cards, with Madam *de Selnac*, who was confined by a Cold, Madam *de Mefval* asked *Felicia* to take a Walk, which she readily agreed to; *Julia* and Madam *de Mourville* were of the Party: They all walked together, and discoursed of several interesting Subjects. Madam *de Mefval*, was the only Person in Company, that had had no extraordinary Adventures, and the Conversation, at length, turning upon Love and Gallantry, you may, said she to the three young Ladies,

her

her Companions, cause the History of your Lives to be one Day written, and transmit the same to Posterity: For my Part, I am not so lucky, nothing extraordinary ever befell me. When I found any one, who had no better Employment than to tell me he thought me amiable, he always made his Declaration in the plainest Terms, and without the least Mystery. I never had the Pleasure to be courted, like Madam *de Mourville*, by Lovers, who were fit for your First-rate Heroes, in Romances. To say the Truth, I was married at thirteen Years of Age, to Mr. *de Mencour*, who was then full Sixty: I was left a Widow at Eighteen, and four Years afterwards married again to Mr. *de Mesval*, whom, if I know myself, I am passionately fond of; he makes Returns to my Love, but he never felt, even before he was my Husband, those Emotions of Joy or Grief, which are usually caused, by the Presence or Absence of the Object beloved. Besides, ever since I have known him, I have not once enjoyed the Happiness to find he loves me, to the same Degree
my

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my Brother loves my Sister. He has often, indeed, told me he loves me, yet it has been in so indifferent a Manner, that, but for the great Inclination I felt for him, the first Moment I saw him, I could never have prevailed on myself to be his Wife. Tho' he shews the greatest Regard for me, yet he appears so Cold, and so Melancholy, that it would almost make me mad, if I did not think it the Effect of his Constitution. His Letters, however, and his Conversation too, are full of a most agreeable Vivacity, provided he neither writes, or speaks of Love. I have seen him in Company of the greatest Beauties, behave with as little Gallantry, as he does to me, for which he has even been reproved, and they could not conceive, how so young, so handsome, and so sensible a Man, could shew so little Inclination for the Fair-Sex. The only Thing that makes his Indifferency supportable to me, is, that I am convinced he is not susceptible of Love; and so I rest contented with his Behaviour. But I must needs
confess,

confess, that it sometimes makes me uneasy for a few Moments, and if it was a little more enlivened, I should be infinitely better pleased with it. And now, Ladies, I have given you my History at large, you see it is not very long.

I grant it, said *Felicia*, but then, neither is it full of unhappy Events. You live with the Man you love, and nothing can interrupt your Satisfaction, but the Absence of Mr. *de Mesval*, which he cannot avoid. You expect him every Moment, you are sure to find him the same as when he left you, and what can you desire more? Ah! Madam, continued she, speaking to the Marchioness *de Mesval*, and giving her Sister *Julia* a Look, I know some Persons who would wish nothing more than to have the same Certainty. And, are you *one* of those Persons, my dear, said Madam *de Mesval* to *Felicia*, whom she had observed to blush and vent a Sigh when she uttered those Words, come, come, e'en fairly confess it, added she, embracing her, for

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I ought to be your Confident, on account of the Value I have for you.

I am thoroughly persuaded of your Regard for me, said *Felicia*, and to convince you of it, I will honestly own to you, that I envy your Condition. Not that I should be satisfied with such a sedate and calm Love as Mr. *de Mefval* shews to you, it so nearly resembles Friendship, that it would ill match my Vivacity; but I could wish to be certain of possessing the Affections of that Man who has gained mine, and to have reasonable Hopes that the present Obstacles to our Union, may be removed sooner than I can now expect.

I wish it with all my Heart, said *Madam de Mefval*, and am very desirous to learn the Particulars of what so nearly concerns you, as well as the Name of the Ingrate who has not yet convinced you, that Women, formed like you, have no Reason to fear their Lover's Disloyalty. If it be your Desire to know my Story, said *Felicia*, I will tell it you, and I think the Recital of it will afford me some Consolation.

solation. But as my Sister and Madam *de Mouville* are already acquainted with it, they may walk on, whilst we sit down on this Bench, and I am confessing to you all my Foibles. Madam *de Mouville* and *Julia* consenting, *Felicia* began her History, which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

A Change so swift, what Heart did ever feel?

It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,

And bore me, in a Moment, far from shore.

DRYDEN.

WE are, as you know Madam, Daughters to the Count *de Salens*, who tenderly loved my Sister and me; we had the Misfortune to lose him at the very time we were beginning to have a Taste for the World; we were a long time inconsolable for his Death; and my Mother, whose Grief fell far short of ours, was weary of our Tears and Regret; and under Pretence that our Sorrow increased her

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her Affliction, she directed us to stay in our Apartment, and not enter her's without being sent for. *Desburs*, one of her Women, was ordered to attend us every where, and have a strict Eye over our Conduct.

We passed more than a Month, without going to my Mother, or seeing any Person whatsoever. At the End of which Time, having heard from *Desburs*, that we were more composed, she sent for us, and we waited on her immediately.

She then made a long Harangue, upon the many Obligations we lay under to her, and how careful we ought to be, to please her. You cannot attain this, said she, unless you pay me an implicit Obedience: In the first place it is my Will, that you appear very seldom; when it is a proper time to marry you, I shall take care to provide you Husbands, without its being necessary for you to shew yourselves in all Companies.

I intend you shall be dressed suitably to your Rank, but you must expect no finery; so much trimming and tricking only produces

produces Vanity, and is fit for none, but Girls, who wantonly aim at attracting the Eyes of the Men. I see you have Inclination enough that Way already, but I will cure you of it if possible, by suffering nothing that may be likely to make Coquets of you. It is also my Pleasure, that you do not presume to speak to any Man, and when ever it may happen, that such as visit here, shall say any thing civil to you, let your Answer and Look, be full of that Coldness and Pride, so becoming in Persons of Distinction. If, when you are in my Apartment, any Visitors should come in, with whom I shall think it improper for you to stay, a *Look* must be a sufficient Order for you to withdraw. These Conditions, Ladies, I expect you to obey, and if you fail, a Convent shall deliver me from the disagreeable Sight of two ungracious Girls, as well as from the Trouble of looking after you.

My Sister and I listened to this Decree, without returning the least Answer; we foresaw we were about to lead a very uneasy

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easy Life, very different from what we passed in my Father's Time. The great Dislike we always had to a Convent, made us resolve we would do nothing which might give my Mother room to send us thither, and we were more than a Year without infringing her Commands. We generally continued the whole Day in our Apartment, where Singing, the Harpsicord, and other Instruments of Music, Reading, and Working by turns, employed us. When we were with my Mother, if any antiquated Visitors came in, we stayed there; but if any amiable and entertaining Company appeared, the Signal was given, and we were forced to retreat. In short, we were as much cloystered up, as if we had really been in a Nunnery, and we never went out but to Church, with our old Duenna.

One Day, as we were with her at the Capuchines, the Footman that attended us, having brought me too high a Chair, a young Gentleman, a Knight of *Saint Lewis*, who seemed to be a very agreeable Man, and stood near me, very politely

lately offered me his ; I was pleased with his Civility, and during Mass, I several times cast my Eyes upon him, and as suddenly directed them to the Ground, finding his so attentively fixed on me, as put me into some Confusion, but which, however, did not give me great uneasiness.

The Service being over, he made me a very low Bow at going out of the Chapel. We got into our Coach, and I lost sight of him ; he had made a lively Impression upon me, which, however, I did not think proper to mention to my Sister, both as *Desburs* was present, and because I did not care to let her know I had paid too great Attention to Civilities, which she had not so much as observed.

Two Days afterwards, being in my Mother's Chamber, word was brought up, that Mr. *de Valincour*, an old Officer in the Guards, our Relation, and the Baron *de Granville*, were come to visit her. The former introduced the Baron to my Mother, and told her, he was Son to one of my late Father's old Friends,
and

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and begged she would permit him to come sometimes, to pay his Respects to her. My Mother received him very courteously, and I could see by her Countenance, she was very well pleased with her new Acquaintance. As soon as I had viewed the Baron *de Granville*, I found he was the same Officer I had seen at the Capuchines; and, as I flattered myself, that this Visit was chiefly made on my Account, I must own to you, I did not view him with Indifference. A Look he gave me, convinced me I was not deceived, and prevented me from observing the Sign my Mother made me to withdraw. My Sister, who saw the Look, whispered me to follow her. I did so, but for the first time it so grieved me, that I could not possibly conceal my Chagrin. As I went away, I thought the Baron seemed uneasy at my Departure, which I was not at all sorry for. This first Visit was not long, he came almost every Day, and I was often with my Mother at his first coming, but scarce was he entered, when I disappeared. Notwithstanding

withstanding the Care he always took to conceal the Uneasiness he felt at my Departure, I could perceive he had a melancholy and tender Look, which comforted me for the Pain I was about to suffer, at being deprived of his Presence. I know not what he read in *my* Eyes, when by Chance they met *his*, but I am very sure I discovered, in a single Instant in his Looks, a thousand Things that gave me inexpressible Pleasure. I was not so simple, but I quickly found out that I loved the Baron, but I had Sense enough to conceal the Regard I had for him, and to promise myself, that I would lock it up for ever in my Breast. He is infinitely dear to me, said I, to myself, but who can answer that he loves me with a suitable Passion? And suppose it be so, will my Mother approve of his Love? No, no, she will not suffer it, I perceive her Dress is more studied when she expects him here, and that his Presence produces the same Effect on her, as on me. That is enough to deprive me of
all

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all Hope, and to engage me to shun him, though I were not forced to it.

These Reflections made me form a Resolution to think no more of him. I declined being with the Countess, when I thought he would visit her. If he came in, and I was accidentally there, I did not so much as once look at him; I had Resolution enough to keep my Eyes off him, for more than a Month together, and carefully to avoid him. You must have been in love to as great a Degree as I was, to conceive how painful such a Constraint was to me. I did not dare to speak of him, or even mention his Name, for fear my Thoughts should be discovered. My very Sister, who is the dearest Friend I have in the World, was ignorant of my Sentiments. If I once open my Heart to her, said I to myself, I shall not help continually telling her, that I never saw so charming a Man in my Life; and how can I possibly forget one whom I shall be eternally praising? Besides, will she approve of the Passion I have for him? No, she will pity me, and her Advice will

will exactly tally with my Resolution; therefore, it will be the most prudent in me, to keep the Secret to myself. In the midst of these Reflections I was really to be pitied, I was ever pensive and melancholy, and had lost all Relish for Amusements.

C H A P. V.

*How could my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
To say I lov'd him not? O, childish Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And, what he most desires, he throws away.*

SHAKESPEAR.

MY Sister often asked me the Cause of my Uneasiness, and I told her that I began to be tired of the Manner of Life we led. It is full as disagreeable to me, my dear *Felicia*, said she, as to you, but what can we do? Neither do I see any Probability that it will soon alter. Our Mother is still young, and, unless I am much mistaken, has not the least Objection to a Lover, which, between

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Friends, is I think, the only Reason that induces her to confine us so strictly. Here the Arrival of the Marchioness *de Bonneval*, my Mother's eldest Sister, broke off our Conversation for that time.

She commonly resided at her Country House, but we were told, she now came to stay some time with us. So much the better, said I, joyfully, then perhaps we may have a little more Liberty, and indeed so we had. My Aunt (who had not seen us for several Years) thought it was fit we should be brought into Company, and when my Mother would have sent us away, as usual, to our Apartment, she opposed it, and said, that, considering our Age and Discretion, it was ridiculous to shut us up like Children. My Mother, from Views purely lucrative, being willing to keep fair with her, seemed to be convinced by her Reasons. We were therefore delivered from our Slavery, but not till after my Mother had taken the Precaution to assure us, that if we did the least Thing to displease her, she would find Means to make us feel
the

the Power she had over us, though it should bring on a Quarrel with her Sister.

We had no sooner promised that we would carefully avoid giving her any Room for Displeasure, but Word was brought that Company was come. And, now, for the first time, since my Father's Death, we continued the whole Day with my Mother. The Baron *de Granville* arrived, at the time my Sister was playing on the Harpsicord, and I on the Theorbo; he had never heard us before, and seemed to be very attentive. For two Months past I had not bestowed a single Glance on him, but I could no longer resist the Pleasure of viewing him: Spight of me, my Eyes broke through their Restraint, and encountered his, which appeared to me, as they had done before, full of Love and Fire; I quickly cast mine downwards, blushed, and continued to play, without knowing very well what I did.

The Hour for walking being come, Madam *de Bonneval* proposed going to

the Thuilleries, my Mother agreed to it, but was unwilling we should be of the Party, on Pretence we were in an undress. My Aunt said, our Dress was well enough, and declared she would not go without us; so that the Countess was forced to let us accompany them. She took in her Coach, two Ladies, and the Baron *de Granville*; Madam *de Bonneval* carried in her's, Mr. *de Valincour*, my Sister, and myself. When we were in the Coach with her, we gave her a thousand Thanks for the Liberty she had procured us. She blamed my Mother for immuring us in such a Manner, and promised to prolong her intended Stay, that she might procure us all the Diversions and Pleasure in her Power; and she even assured us she would take us with her to her Country-House, if her Sister did not become more reasonable.

When we arrived at the Thuilleries, the Princess of *****, who was sitting on a Bench, saw us enter, and desired my Mother to sit down by her, she having something she said, to communicate to her.

her. She immediately obey'd, and with Regret, saw the Baron go away, who had accompanied her.

Madam *de Bonneval* led my Sister and me to the grand Walk: The Baron *de Granville* followed us thither, and came on my right Side; on the other, was my Aunt, who conversed chiefly with my Sister; so that the Baron, speaking to me, from Time to Time, in a half Whisper, of indifferent Things, found, at length, an Opportunity of declaring his Mind to me.

I had never heard him talk before, but in general Conversations. What Wit and Delicacy did I find him Master of, in this particular one! And how much was I embarrassed by his earnest Solicitation, to engage me to confess the Sentiments I had of him!

You have but a Moment, fair *Felicia*, said he to me, to let me know, whether I may flatter myself, with the Hope of one Day pleasing you; make use of it then, and tell me, at least, whether you will suffer me to give you more convincing

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Proofs, than I have yet done, that I adore you: There are Reasons, which prevent my speaking to you, in your Mother's Presence, she will join us this Moment, and I must undergo the killing Grief, of being still a Stranger to what passes in your Breast.

Instead of returning him the Answer he requested, I begged he would put an End to a Conversation which might be overheard; I assured him, I highly esteemed him, and that I did not doubt, but, as I became better acquainted with him, I should entertain a great Friendship for him.

I should hold your Esteem and Friendship to be of inestimable Value, if I was no more than your Friend, said he to me; but as I feel the purest, and most tender Love for you, I cannot be content with them alone. Do not consider what I say to you, as the Language of a young Fellow, who has a Mind only to amuse himself. I love you beyond all Expression; and will you cruelly persevere, in refusing me a suitable Return, to so pure a Passion? I sought
to

to make an Acquaintance with the Countess *de Salens*, that I might find an Opportunity of disclosing my Sentiments to you : You must have perceived what Pain I suffered, each time I saw you leave her Apartment ; at first, I thought a denoted Aversion made you withdraw ; but happily I was informed, that you and your Sister never staid when there was Company, by Reason your Mother thought you too amiable. I did not, however, discontinue my Visits at her House, hoping I might, at least, have a Moment's Sight of you : I have several times enjoyed that Pleasure, tho' it only helped to make me more wretched, as I found it not only impossible to speak to you, but also, because I plainly perceived you studiously avoided my Looks : You were even more than a Month, without deigning to shine upon me, with those charming Eyes : What had I done, to merit so rigorous a Treatment ? For Heaven's sake,

answer me, continued he, taking my Hand, and gently pressing it, at a Time, he found himself closely followed by the

Croud of Company, who were passing and re-passing. For God's sake, said I, give over, your Curiosity perplexes me, and I must not give any Answer to such Discourse. I think I have been in the wrong to listen to you, and I wish, with all my Heart, I had never seen you. These last Words, which I uttered with an Accent of Tendernefs, rather than of Displeasure, gave him infinite Delight. But, pretending to put another Construction on them, than they imported, after a short Silence, which he kept, only that he might enjoy the Confusion I was under, he told me, he would put an End to the Uneasiness he had caused me; upon this he very hastily left me, perceiving, as well as I, my Mother, who was coming to join us, with a very sour Countenance; but which was soon sweetened into Smiles, upon the Baron's approaching her.

After walking very late, we returned home, and the Baron supped with us; my Sister and I, had the Praises of the Company, and my Aunt told my Mother more than once, that we were generally admired
by

by every one at the *Thuilleries*. She did not seem pleased, that the Conversation should turn on us only ; and my Sister, who expresses herself with great Wit and Grace, could not speak a Word, but my Mother made her a Sign to hold her Tongue. She could not forgive our being preferred to her ; and, to put an End to it, she resolved to quit *Paris*, where the World just began to know us ; and to retire, for some Time, to her Country-House : She also engaged *Madam de Bonneval* to accompany us.

The Baron *de Granville* found a Moment's Time to speak to me, of his Sentiments, before our Departure, and to ask me the Situation of mine ? The same as in the *Thuilleries*, answered I, without looking at him. I am sorry for it, replied he, for I thought them insupportably indifferent. The Baron, I am persuaded, in making use of those Terms, did not tell me his real Thoughts ; for tho' he was young, he had too much Understanding, and Experience, not to perceive he was agreeable to me ; but he was willing, at

this Time, to leave me the Satisfaction of believing, that he had not made the least Discovery, of what passed in my Heart, and desirous of insensibly engaging me, by his Conversation and Perseverance, to own, at last, that I loved him.

We parted; and in about five or six Days he visited me again: On his Arrival, my Mother reproached him gently, for neglecting us, but he easily excused himself. As it was the Time for walking, he waited on the Countess, giving me a Look at the same Time. I thought the Conversation he had with her, during the Walk, was too long, not general enough, and much more sprightly than I could have wished. If he loves me, to the Degree he would make me believe, said I to myself, he ought to be tired of the whole Sex besides; but he thinks my Mother amiable, she makes use of a thousand seducing Artifices to chain him to her Car; I am convinced he is now, more taken with her, than he would be with me, and I am pleased I have concealed from him, the Impression he has made on
my

my Heart. Whilst my Mind was filled with these Ideas, my Sister *Julia*, was, sorely against her Will, hearing a Declaration of Love, made her by the Marquis of *Mensalque*. He was a young Gentleman, of about two and twenty, very handsome, and did not want Understanding. But he was not so happy as to please her. Wherefore she soon got rid of him, desiring him aloud, to give his Hand to my Aunt.

. Madam *de Bonneval* declined accepting it; and my Sister, so artfully, did the young Marquis's Honours for him, that, spight of the Inclination he had not to quit her, he was forced to do it, for fear of appearing unpolite.

When he had left us, truly, said I, to my Sister, you have play'd the Marquis a scurvy Trick. His Conversation was quite troublesome to me, answered she, and I was glad to put an End to it.

He is amiable, and sincerely loves you, and yet he does not please you. Ah, Sister, Sister, said I, either you are afraid of being in Love with the Marquis, or you
have

have entertained a Passion for some other. And amongst all our Acquaintance, I know none, but the Baron *de Granville*, who justly deserves to be preferred to him: Prithee confess then, that otherwise you would have paid some Regard to the fine Things which were just now said to you.

You mistake, answered she, I have no more Regard for the Baron *de Granville*, than for him; and I protest, I feel the same Indifference for every Man I know. But do not therefore imagine, said she, smiling, that I am incapable of Love: My Heart, is, perhaps, as susceptible of that Passion, as another's; but my Hour for loosing my Liberty is not yet come, and indeed I wish it may never, so greatly do I dread the Misfortunes, which are almost inseparable, from violent Passions: And, I assure you, the Baron *de Granville*, would be the Man, I should the most carefully avoid, if I found he had the least Inclination for me. And, why pray, said I, hastily, do you think he has so many Imperfections then? Not one, that I know of, replied she, and therefore I
should

should fear him more than any other. Besides, I think he is not hated by the Person we are subject to. And do you not think, that it is a sufficient Reason, to convince me, that if I loved him, I must inevitably be miserable? It is true, said I, but you would not be so very prudent, if your Sentiments for him, passed the Bounds of Esteem.

I was afraid, my Sister had an Inclination to the Baron, but her Answer entirely removed my Fears. However, it did not induce me, to disclose to her the Situation of my own Heart.

I was very thoughtful, during the whole Walk, and on our Return, Cards were called for. The Baron *de Granville* could not find any Opportunity of speaking to me, the whole Evening. He passed several Days, without being able to say a Word to me in private. But that did not entirely deprive him of the Means of shewing me what passed in his Breast; for with our Eyes, we held regular Conversations together: But he was not satisfied with this way of communicating his Thoughts
to

to me; he wished for a more particular Conversation: And Chance procured him one, when he the least expected it.

It was one Evening, as we were returning, through the Forest, from hunting, (my Mother having made a Party for that Purpose, at her House) I was on Horseback, and alone, riding by the Side of the Coach, in which were Madam *de Bonneval* and some other Ladies, when on a sudden, my Horse got the Bitt betwixt his Teeth, and ran away with me full Speed: Happily for me, I was a good Rider, my Father having caused me, as well as my Sister, to be taught that Exercise, otherwise I should certainly have been thrown off. The Horse carried me a great Way in the Wood, keeping the main Road, which was very broad, and at last, stopped himself, by running his Head against a Tree: I seized the Opportunity, and leaped off, and replaced the Bitt in his Mouth. I was frightened almost to Death, at the Risque I had run; and my Fears were augmented, at finding myself alone, in the Night, and in a strange Place. At last,

last, some Wood-cutters who passed by, and whom I acquainted with the Accident, told me they lived near my Mother's Castle, and, that if I would mount on Horseback, they would shew me the Way thither.

Soon afterwards I heard, at a little Distance, somebody halloo, and it proved to be the Baron *de Granville*, who was come to seek for me, and who was in an Extacy to see me again. After asking me if I was hurt, the whole Company, said he, are extremely uneasy about you, and are afraid you are killed; and I congratulate myself, that I am the first Person that found you. What would have become of me; dearest *Felicia*, continued he, if any Thing fatal had befallen you! I should certainly have died. If you could conceive, how very dear you are to me, you would not doubt it. I am convinced, replied I, that the Friendship you have, for me, would have made you regret my Loss; but cannot believe, it would have affected you, to such a Degree, as you say it would.

You

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You greatly wrong my Love, said he, to call it by so cold a Name as Friendship. Free me then, from the cruel Uncertainty I labour under ; and if you have no Aversion to me, can it be painful to you to tell me, that you may one Day love me ? Besides, do you run any Risque, in making a Confession, which would render me the happiest of Mankind ? My Sentiments can never offend you, in any Respect, since they tend only to obtain you, with your Mother's Consent. In the Interim, all I wish for, is to be in possession of your Heart. Tell me then, lovely *Felicia*, will you forever refuse me ?

I reserve my Heart for the Man to whom I shall give my Hand, said I, and if my Mother will ever permit me to make you a Present of it, you shall have it all. But as I do not think she will ever consent to it, pray be satisfied with my Esteem, it is the utmost I can possibly offer you.

You would be content then with mine, answered he, and it would be quite indifferent to you, whether or no I make
my

my Addressees elsewhere? It would be highly unreasonable in me, to think of preventing you from addressing any Lady you may think amiable, replied I, and if you still honour me with your Friendship, I shall have no Room to complain.

Ah, Madam, interrupted *Felicia*, how foreign was what I said, to the real Sentiments of my Heart? And, with what Pleasure could I have owned to the Baron, that I loved him, and that I forbid him from entertaining the least Thought of making himself agreeable to any other Woman but myself.

Although it greatly pained me, I affected a Tranquillity, which at once put an end to all his Hopes. I see your Heart is not favourable to me, said he, insensible *Felicia*, your Words too plainly show it. I find, I too easily flattered myself, that I might one Day please you, but at your last Words, my every Expectation fled. I find I must for ever love you, but how greatly soever your Absence may grieve me, I will fly from
you,

66 *The RIVAL MOTHER.*

you, that I may not expose myself, each Moment to receive fresh Proofs of your Indifferency.

And, be not alarmed, for I will never intercede with the Countess *de Salens*, to favour my Suit; I should hold in very little Esteem, the Gift you would make me of your Hand, since, to her Commands alone, I should be indebted for it, and your Inclinations would not have anticipated her Will. Adieu, we are just come to your House, I can be of no farther Service to you; I go, and shall strive to extinguish a Flame, which you caused to blaze but too fiercely. And, Madam, give me leave to beg it of you as a Favour, that you will not drop a Word to the Countess, of my having now seen you.

Saying these Words, he took his leave, and departed. I was tempted several times to call him back again, but I did not, supposing he would return of himself. I went home, and found only my Mother, and Sister, my Aunt, and the other Ladies, the Gentlemen having all stayed

in

in the Forest to seek for me, and did not return till a long time afterwards. I related what had happened to me, without mentioning the Baron. They were very glad to see me again, and advised me to go to bed.

My Fright and Fatigue, made it very necessary, but as I was in Hopes to see the Baron return, I would not leave the Company. A Peasant soon entered, and delivered a Letter to my Mother, which she read aloud, after having perused it to herself. It contained as follows,

Madam,

I AM under a Necessity of returning to *Paris*, for I find by some Letters, which I have just now received from one of my Relations, that Business of Importance requires my Presence there. I am extremely sorry, that before my Departure, I could not wait on you to receive your Commands, and to testify the great Joy, which was given me by the Bearer of this Letter, who informed me, that

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that Mademoiselle, your Daughter, is returned Home, without the least Hurt.'

I am with great Respect, &c.

GRANVILLE.

The sudden Departure of the Baron, occasioned much Discourse; it greatly disconcerted my Mother, and I was vexed to the last Degree, that I had treated him with so much Coldness. I ruminated the whole Evening, on what he said to me, and was afraid, he would seriously endeavour to forget me. For a whole Fortnight was I racked with the same Disquietude, and was greatly chagrined that he did not return.



CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*O Jealousy! Daughter of Envy and of Love,
Most wayward Issue of a gentle Sire,
Happy were Lovers if they never knew you.*

DANIEL.

ONE Morning, as I was at my Toilet, I heard a Chaise enter the Court-Yard, I looked out and saw the Baron *de Granville* get out of it. The Sight of him put me all in a Flutter, I thought he was going to my Mother's Apartment, and she was not stirring. I had a great Inclination to go there also, but I dared not, and thought it would be best to wait till she had received his Visit.

I was vexing at the great Stillness in her Apartment, when Madam *de Bonneval*'s Footman came with a Message, that his Mistress waited for my Sister and me to drink Coffee. My Sister's Head not being dressed, I went alone to my Aunt. The Baron *de Granville* was there, he paid his Respects to me with great Politeness,

Politeness, and chearfully enough. The Satisfaction that appeared in his Countenance, and, which I might have attributed to the Pleasure he had to see me again, threw me into an ill Humour, which increased, when I found he no longer sought my Looks, as he was accustomed to do, and did not even embrace one Opportunity, among many that offered, of speaking to me. The Marchioness of *Mensalgue's* Sister, who had been some Days at our House, then coming in, the Baron said a thousand fine Things to her, which she answered with equal Wit and Vivacity, and he often gave her Looks, which appeared to me so tender and unaffected, that I could bear it no longer. I went out and flew to my Chamber, exasperated against him to the last Degree. I found my Sister almost dressed, and said to her, throwing myself into an Easy-Chair, I have a most terrible Head-Ach, and I believe *Made-moiselle de Mensalgue's* laughing has occasioned it; methinks she speaks and laughs too loud; do not you think she

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The RIVAL MOTHER. 71

is a giddy, impertinent, conceited Girl? No, really, said my Sister, I think her a very agreeable, chearful, entertaining young Lady. For my part, answered I, I am not of the same Opinion, and I think it would much better become her, to be less vociferous and more reserved. At that Instant, my Sister being called, she went down without making any Reply. I staid in my Chamber, and resolved not to appear the whole Day, to try how the Baron would take my Absence. I pretended still to have the Head-Ach, and desired my Sister to leave me alone, she believed me, and went to join the Company. She came several times to know how I did, and I asked her, seemingly without Design, what passed in my Mother's Apartment, and I was always told, that the Baron was in exceeding good Humour, and seemed to behave very particularly to Mademoiselle *de Monsalgue*: And, when they walked out, I was informed he assiduously attended her. These several Reports, gave me, at length, a *real* Head-ach. The
next,

next, and following Day, I had the same Reason to complain of that Disorder, but I did not think proper to confine myself, as I had done at first. I had, now and then, the cold Satisfaction of thwarting the Baron, and of turning into Ridicule, whatsoever he said, which he always answered with great Politeness, and without being once out of Humour. This Behaviour, of his, greatly displeased me, since I rather wished to have seen him angry with me, or that he had said nothing. But, he addressed his Discourse to me, as he did to others, and appeared as cold, and as courtly, as if he had never entertained the least Thought of me.

Is this, said I, the consummate Love he feigned I had inspired him with, and which he swore he would carry to his Grave? How pleased I am, that I did not believe him; and what fickle, inconstant, treacherous Wretches Mankind are! Nor was I a whit more satisfied with my own Sex, and especially with *Mademoiselle de Mensalgie*.

But to my great Joy, my Mother delivered me, from the Uneasiness I suffered on

on her Account, by carrying her back to *Paris*. She was full as much displeased as I was, at the great Notice which the Baron *de Granville* took of that young Lady; so one Morning, they set out together, but Mr. *Granville* did not stay long with us; he framed some Excuse for departing, and was more than a Fortnight, before he paid us another Visit. When he came again, my Mother gave him but a cold Reception, tho' I believe he met with no great Difficulty in appeasing her. For my Part, I put the greatest Force upon myself, to conceal the Vexation he caused me. I even affected to lend a favourable Ear to the Chevalier *de Santman*, who, from my Mother's Admirer, was become mine. I did not observe the least Emotion in the Baron's Countenance, and when Mr. *de Santman* left me, he rallied me upon the briskness of my Looks, when I spoke to the Chevalier: And asked me, if *he* was to be the Master of that Heart, which I so carefully guarded? What does it signify to you, said I, with a forced Smile? My Regard for you, induces me to ask the

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Question, replied he, I wish to see you happy, you deserve it. The Chevalier seems to me, the likeliest Man in the World, to make you so, and, I wish him Success with all my Heart. You are very much his Friend, surely, said I, a little tartly? Yes, replied he, but I am much more yours, and as you have expressly commanded, that I should *be* your Friend, and no more, I have so exactly obeyed, that you can have no Room to complain of me. I must confess, however, it gave me great Pain to change my former Sentiments, for those you required. But Absence, Reflection, and Reason, have fashioned me to your Wish. I esteem you, I love you, with as true a *Friendship* as you deserve: Therefore, I flatter myself, you will no longer condemn my Way of thinking, but on the contrary will approve it; and, instead of the *Love* I required of you, will honour me with that *Esteem* you have been pleased to offer me.

Certainly I must highly approve, said I to him, with an Air of Vexation, that I could not conceal, your now entertaining
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the same Sentiments for Mademoiselle *de Mensalgue*, as you formerly did for me, and to be sure, I shall never forget your great Complacency, in loving her for *my* Satisfaction. I am sensible, said he, my Love for her is not half so ardent, as the Passion I once entertained for you; but I am also sensible, that I may love her longer, and perhaps, in the Sequel, more tenderly. I flatter myself, that I shall one Day touch her Heart, and the Hope of being beloved, is more capable of engaging me, than the most striking Charms. Mademoiselle *de Mensalgue*, it is true, has not yet plainly told me her Sentiments, but she has given me some Hints, that she does not think me disagreeable; and that is sufficient to keep my Love alive.

Her Presence would surely augment it much more, said I to him, and I am amazed you can trifle away your Time here, when you might pass it so much better with her. I have not Liberty to see her at all Times, replied he, besides, how much soever I love her, I have too great a *Friendship* for you and your Family, not

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to make use of the Countess's Permission, of coming here sometimes. Your most humble Servant, Sir, methinks you make very free with the Word Friendship, said I to him; but I must hear no more of the Language it dictates to you; our conversing together may be censured, and perhaps they will not be so kind as to believe that I listen to you, for no other Reason, but because you have made me your Confidante.

Then leaving him, I went up to my Apartment; my Sister, who was playing at Cards, with Madam *de Bonneval*, did not follow me thither, so that being alone, I threw off all Restraint, and dropped some Tears, which Vexation made me shed. The ungrateful Man now cares not for me, said I pretty loud, and yet I am still so foolish, as not to help envying the Destiny of the happy *Mensalque*. I regret him, and am inconsolable, that I cannot hate him, to as great a Degree as he loves her. How happy am I, charming *Felicia*, said the Baron *de Granville* (suddenly entering my Room, and falling at my Feet)

I do

I do not love Mademoiselle *de Mensalque*, I adore *you*, and you alone. My feigned Inconstancy, was but an Artifice to try you. I am heartily sorry for the Grief it has caused you, yet how can I truly repent of it? Since otherwise I should have been ignorant of your Sentiments. And do you really love me, dearest *Felicia*, said he, eagerly snatching my unwilling Hand, and kissing it? How pleased am I that I followed you.

The Baron's Presence, the Proof he had just received of my Love for him, and my Fears, lest he should be found with me, almost deprived me of the Power to answer him. Leave me, said I (under the greatest Confusion) and do not make an ill use of a Secret, I could wish you were still ignorant of; for Heaven's sake, go this Moment, for I should be undone if you are seen here.

Your Mother is busy in her Closet, replied he, *Desburs* is gone out, all the rest are at Cards below, and nobody will suspect my being with you; however, I will obey you, and go down to the Company: But

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give me Leave, to take every Opportunity of convincing you, that I love you alone; I must repeat it, my dear *Felicia*, my Passion cannot alarm you; it is tender and respectful, and claims the inestimable Reward of your Hand and Heart. I must own, with Grief, I foresee, that the Countess's Consent will not easily be obtained; her extraordinary Kindness to me, makes me uneasy, though it does not yet deprive me of the Hope, that she will be, one Day, propitious to my ardent Wishes: Besides, I flatter myself, that Madam *de Bonneval*, will be favourable to our Wishes. It is not, continued he, a proper Time to open my Mind to her; permit me therefore, still to make a Secret of my Love, and to wait the Return of one of my Uncles (who is now at *Malta*) to declare my Sentiments to him. In Concert with your Aunt, perhaps he may prevail on your Mother, not to oppose my Happiness. He has Interest at Court, and if the King's Order be necessary, he will easily obtain it: And all I desire, is, that your future Conduct may be a little reserved

served and mysterious, to give Success to our Project, and enable me to deal with the Countess your Mother. You do not answer me, said he, observing me uneasy and thoughtful. Ah! said I, turning my Face from him, you have deprived me of the use of Speech, by thus robbing me of my Secret. Your Words please me, but I doubt they are not sincere; I know not what to say, I am ashamed to see you, and cannot help condemning myself, for entertaining such Sentiments of you, as my Mother does not, and perhaps never will approve. I foresee, that in loving you, I must undergo the greatest Sufferings, and at the same Time, I am convinced, must feel greater Pains, should I endeavour to tear you from my Heart. I would forbid you ever seeing me more--- but--- I cannot: And, alas! I am under an inexpressible Agitation; though methinks, I should be a little easier, if my Aunt knew of your Designs. Why then do you not impart to her, your Affection for me? I will, if you command me, said he, but remember, that tho' she is one of the best of

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Women, she is so inconsiderate, that she would certainly acquaint your Mother with my Proposal.

Well then, I acquiesce, said I, but open not your Lips about it, to any Person in the World. Let not my very Sister know of your Passion; I should be covered with Confusion, were my Weakness disclosed, to any other but you. Love me in such Sort, that I may never have Room to repent my exposing to your View, the inmost Recesses of my Heart. Be assured of my Constancy, and bear in Mind, that if I am naturally Tender, I can be Jealous too, farewell: Leave me, I entreat you, for, after what has passed, I neither ought, nor will be alone with you.

The Baron would have prolonged the Interview, for a Moment or two, but I opposed it, and obliged him to leave me that Instant; and it was lucky he did, for just as he was gone, my Mother's Woman came in.

I was in too great a hurry of Spirits, to appear in Company, therefore I stayed in my Chamber, till I had recovered myself,

self, and when I went down, I could not so much as look on the Baron, so much was I confounded, at the Discovery he had made.

However, by degrees, I assumed more Courage, and insensibly accustomed myself to hold Conversations with him, which, tho' silent, were infinitely tender and intelligible. No Man sure, had ever the Art like him, by Looks to express his Thoughts: When I viewed his Eyes, I could plainly perceive the different Emotions caused by the Joy, or Grief he felt.

Nobody took any Notice of the good Understanding between us. He never spoke to me, but in a cold, and reserved Manner. My Mother, cunning as she was, imagined, that because he said no civil Things to me, I had a greater Dislike for him than for any other: And she sometimes pretended to pity me, at the same Time maliciously rallying me, that with my Charms, I had not been able to make a Conquest of him.

I answered her, that I was too punctual in obeying her Orders, to think of making Conquests ; and, that even, tho' she had been pleased to permit me, the Baron *de Granville* would not be the Man, upon whom I would make an Essay of that Kind upon; that, since I had known him intimately, I found, spite of his Care to conceal it, he had such a Fund of Self-love, as greatly disgusted me. You are very difficult, said she, with a disdainful Smile, and the poor Baron is certainly much to be pitied, that he has not the Happiness to please you : But I believe if he knew it, the Man would not break his Heart. As she said these Words, he entered, and I thought proper to retire, for fear she should discover our real Sentiments by our Looks.

He stayed alone with her, and soon was told the Conversation that had passed between us. He laughed heartily at it, and said he thought me very agreeable, but, that in the Presence of the Sun, he could not think of the Stars, and therefore, I must forgive him, if he declined
paying

paying his Court to me. I will warrant you her Pardon, said my Mother smiling, and, I must confess, you would make very ill Court to me, if you behaved otherwise to my Daughters. How, Madam, said the Baron, continuing the Pleasantry, and to found her Thoughts a little, would you be really displeased, if I should seriously make my Addresses, to either of your Daughters? And, are my Birth and Fortune so inconsiderable, that I ought not to aim at the Honour of your Alliance?

You want nothing to procure you a favourable Reception, whenever you will make a Proposal of Marriage; and yet, Baron, I must own to you, said my Mother, assuming a more serious Air, that if you were to make me such a Proposal, it would meet with but indifferent Treatment; for I have too great a Regard for you, ever to make you my Son-in-Law. The Baron, who was heartily vexed at this Answer, and unwilling to pursue the Conversation, any farther, bowed and took his Leave.

C H A P. VII.

*What tho' some Fits of small Contest
Sometimes fall out among the best?
That makes no Breach of Truth or Love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve.*

BUTLER.

THE Day after, the Countess was to go to *Paris*, with some Ladies of her Acquaintance, to hear a new Opera. My Aunt was not to be of the Party, on Account of a slight Indisposition, and it was determined, that my Sister, and I, should stay to keep her Company.

The Baron, who was to wait on my Mother, had the greatest Desire to stay with us, in the Hope of being more at Liberty to converse with me, during her Absence. In order to be furnished with a Pretext, as he was walking in the Grove in the Evening, after Supper, he feigned to have hit his Head against a Tree, in picking up his Snuff-Box, which he had purposely let fall; and pretending to be much hurt, ordered a Surgeon to be sent for.

for. Who, being obliged to attend one of his Patients, sent Word, he could not come till the next Day.

The Baron was advised to go to bed, he went up to his Chamber, but returned soon after, saying, he was more sensible of his Pain when alone, than when he was in Company. He therefore sat down behind my Mother's Chair, and looked over her Cards. I was sitting by her, and some of her Cards falling down, he offered to take them up, and the Moment he stooped for that Purpose, he slipped a Paper down my back, which gave me some Uneasiness, as I suspected it was a Billet-Doux. He had often intreated I would permit him to write to me, but I would never consent, but by this Means, he now obliged me to it. I gave him a Look, which shewed I was displeased at his Proceeding; but I could not return his Letter, and I must confess, I was not really angry at it.

I deferred reading it till I was alone in my Chamber; the Apartment my Sister and I had, consisted of two Bed-Chambers,

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bers, two Closets, and an Antichamber, where *Desburs* lay. That Servant would have undressed me as usual, but I refused it, and told my Sister, I wanted to finish a Book I had begun reading, and wished her a good Night. I then shut my Door, and taking off my Stays, with a trembling Hand, I opened the Baron's Letter. I had never received a Billet-Doux from any Person before, and I saw, with great Emotion, that I was actually engaged in a Love Affair, which might cause me much Grief. But yet I read over, with infinite Pleasure, what the Baron wrote to me, and I perused it more than once. I would willingly have preserved his Letter, which I thought full of Wit and Tenderneſs, but I feared a Discovery. I committed it therefore to the Flames, but with the greatest Regret, and the Subject employed my Thoughts great Part of the Night.

The Baron informed me of the Step he had taken to avoid going with my Mother to *Paris*, which put an end to my Fears about the Pain in his Head he
complained

complained of. I was only sorry, that in order to procure the Means of seeing me, he had resolved to loose blood, which I feared would prejudice his Health. The next Day when he sent again for the Surgeon, I could not help saying to him, that he would do better to return Home, and be blooded there, than have it done in the Country, where the Surgeons were not skilful. Notwithstanding, he still persisted in his first Intention of staying, till finding me immoveable to every Argument he made use of, said, a little angrily, well, Madam, since my Company is troublesome to you, I will return to *Paris*. And, if you will give me leave, Madam, (turning to my Mother) I will wait on you, and defer the opening of a Vein, (which I ought not to have omitted so long) out of pure Complaisance to your Daughter.

You are very contradicting, surely, Miss, said my Mother; pray what trouble will the Baron's Stay here, occasion you? Do you think you have a Right to turn People out of my Doors? I beg you will

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will be pleased to hold your Tongue, continued she, seeing I was about to return her an Answer, and I hope, Baron, you will stay, and use all proper Means to avoid any bad Consequences from the Blow you have received. I am quite vexed, added she, that some Business, and a Promise I have made of going to the Opera, prevent me from being with you. Notwithstanding those Engagements, I would not leave you, if my Sister was not here. You will highly oblige me, said she, to my Aunt, in taking care the Baron may want nothing. And for you, Miss, said she to me, in a lower Voice, I cannot conceive the Reason of your Aversion; but I must tell you, it greatly displeases me.

I must own, Madam, said *Felicia*, I could scarce help laughing, to see (as did also the Baron *de Granville*) my Mother such a Dupe in this Affair. However, I did not dare return her the least Answer. She caused the Baron to be let blood in her Presence, then got into her Coach, and left my Aunt, my Sister and me,

me, with the Sick-Man, who would not go to bed. He was in the best Humour imaginable, and for two Days, that my Mother staid at *Paris*, he found several Opportunities of conversing with me. And although my Aunt and Sister, were present, they were so strongly prepossessed with the Notion we were indifferent to one another, that they minded not a hundred Things, which otherwise might have discovered our Sentiments.

When we were alone, I rated him soundly, for writing to me contrary to my Prohibition; when, far from asking my Pardon, he assured me he would do the same again, whenever he could deliver the Billet, without hazarding a Discovery, and earnestly entreated me, sometimes, to return him an Answer; protesting, that he would give me back my Letters, the Moment he had read them. If you love me, my dear *Felicia*, continued he, can you refuse me so small a Favour? What Danger can you apprehend, if you should grant me that Satisfaction? You are no Stranger to my Discretion,

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Discretion, and may find a thousand Ways to give me that Proof of your Love, without being discovered.

I was afraid, said I to him, a little chagrined, that you would not rest satisfied with possessing my Heart, as you vowed you would; and I am now sensible how great a Risque I run, in promising to love you. I cannot help saying, that I even repent my not having concealed my Sentiments from you. Since not contented with knowing them, you can ask me to do that, which might make me lose your Esteem, and my own Reputation: For it may happen, that spight of our Care, we may lose some of those Letters you are so urgent in requiring of me, and what would become of me then? I should never see you more, you would forget me, and I should be more unhappy than ever. Such would be the Fruits of my too easy Compliance. Then do not insist upon what I cannot grant, but be satisfied with knowing, that you are beloved as much as Man

can

can be, and with the Assurance I now give you, that I will never change.

The Baron not discouraged, said, all in his Power to prevail on me to answer his Letters, but without Success. He only obtained, and that with great Difficulty, permission to write to me, and we often made use of it whilst he was at our House. Scarce a Day passed, without my receiving a Letter from him, and he commonly delivered it to me himself. Sometimes he waited till all the Family were asleep, and came under my Window; a little Noise he made, served me as a Signal to open it, for I did not go to bed when I expected to see him; I then appeared, and he used to put a Stone in the Letter, and throw it in at the Window. In this Manner we used to hold a Moment's Conversation, tho' but rarely, for I was afraid of a Surprise. This mysterious Manner of carrying on our Amour, sometimes afforded us great Pleasure, but for want of an Opportunity of speaking to each other, it was sometimes attended with great Uneasiness, and

and it actually produced a Coldness between us, which would not have happened, if we could have come to an Explanation with each other. And this fell out through Occasion of a Circumstance I cannot help relating to you.

There was a great deal of Company at our House, namely Mademoiselle *de Monsalgue*, her Brother, Mr. *de Santman*, and several other Persons. The Baron, who thought Mademoiselle *de Mensalgue* to be more sensible and witty than the rest, and who was not sorry to make my Mother believe he had no Dislike to that young Lady, conversed with her preferably to any other. The Air of Satisfaction he shewed in being with her, displeased me, I made him a Sign that I did not like it, but he did not perceive me, and continued attentively to discourse with her. Soon after, Word was brought that Supper was on the Table, when he offered his Hand to lead me into the Dining-Room, which I pretending not to observe, gave mine to Mr. *de Santman*.

Upon

Upon my Word, said the Baron to me, the Chevalier is very happy, and, if we were not as great *Friends* as we are, the Preference you give him, might occasion some ill Blood between us. Do not be jealous about it, my dear Baron, said Mr. *de Sentman*, for Mademoiselle only did it through Absence. Not so absent as you imagine, answered I laughing, and I never make a Choice without Reflection. I advise you then to abide by that you have just made, said the Baron to me, and after your Example, with *Reflection*, I will go and make another.

Saying these Words, he made me a Bow, went up to Mademoiselle *de Mensalque*, and gave her his Hand. He sat between her and me at Table, was most agreeably gay and chearful, talked with her continually, and did not give me the least Proof, that he had me in his Thoughts. If he had shewn any Anger, I should have been easy, because I might then have concluded, he did it by way of Revenge for my Coldness, but on the contrary, he spoke to me more than usual,

usual, and did not shew the least Marks of Displeasure.

Being piqued to Excess, at the little Civilities he paid to *Mademoiselle de Mensalque*, I made Reprisals, by directing my Discourse, the whole Evening, to *Mr. de Santman*. The Chevalier had but a very small Estate, and therefore industriously concealed his Love for me, fearing, if my Mother perceived it, she would deprive him of the Liberty of visiting at our House, and the Pleasure of seeing me.

His Passion had made him too clear sighted, to be deceived by the forced Indifference that shew'd itself, in the *Baron de Granville* and me. He, alone, saw the good Understanding between us, and he was the very Person, whom I could most have wished to be ignorant of it. Whenever he spoke to me of his Love, I always gave him an unfavourable Reception. And, tho' he was amiable enough, and did not want Understanding, yet no Man had the Art of rendering himself so disagreeable, and tiresome to me, as he was. He acted the Part of a melancholy, jealous

lous Lover, but soon found this was not the Way to please me, for he saw I avoided him, which sometimes threw him into such an ill Humour, that he did not speak a Word for a whole Day. To justify himself for a Silence, which appeared so extraordinary, he was ever complaining of some imaginary Ailments, and I was the only one present, who was not touched at his Sufferings, knowing the real Source of his Malady, and having no Inclination to cure it.

My Sister, who was no Stranger to the Affection he had for me, often gave me a Look, which made me ready to Laugh, and more particularly, when she heard the Company daily prescribing Medicines, for his Disorders. However, that Night I was so dissatisfied with the Baron *de Granville*, that Mr. *Santman* had no Room to complain of me; I heard whatever he had to say to me, and my Answers did not at all favour of my former Cruelty. He owned, he had discovered the Baron's Love, and as he was sure I did not hate him, he felt the cruellest Uneasiness. This Discourse,

Discourse, which he uttered with Eyes fixed on me, made me blush, and disconcerted me : I strove, however, to remove this Impression, which it was so much my Interest to conceal from him.

For two Days I doubled my Civilities to him, and my Indifferency to the Baron *de Granville*. The latter, who perceived it, imagined, I had at last taken Pity on Mr. *de Santman's* Condition; and being filled with Rage and Jealousy, resolved to stay no longer, to be Witness to the Satisfaction I shewed, in listening to his Rival.

He left us one Morning, without taking Leave of any Body but my Mother. His Departure grieved me, and I was vexed I had given him so much Cause for Jealousy. Mr. *de Santman* was more insupportable to me now, than ever. And, when he offered to disclose his Sentiments to me, I treated him so ill, that he soon resumed his gloomy Temper, and told me, he found he must be ever wretched, and that none but the happy Baron *de Granville*, must ever hope for my Favour.

I an-

I answered him pettishly, that I thought it strange he should presume, to be continually telling me of the Baron, and gave him to understand, that even tho' I had the Regard for him he suspected, I did not know he had a Right to call me to Account for it. I then took up my Theorbo, a little to dispel my Uneasiness, and did not condescend to speak a Word more to him. The Grief he felt, at being deprived of the Pleasure of conversing with me, made him sit down in a Corner of the Room, in order to give a free Vent to his Sighs.

My Mother, who saw him look sad and pale, asked him, if he was taken ill? Yes Madam, said he, and of a Disorder which no Physic will remove, so that my Life is become insupportable to me! Alas! how I pity you, said the Countess, but come, Sir, added she, you ought to amuse yourself a little, why don't you play at Chess with my Daughter? Oh! said I to my Mother, foreseeing I should be tired to Death, if the Chevalier accepted her Proposal, I am now incapable of the least At-

tention, and he would have too great Advantage. What matters it how you play, answered the Countess? Pray, Miss, favour us with your Consent.

You are too indulgent to me, Madam, replied the Chevalier, I beg you will dispence with her Compliance to your Orders, for I should be excessively grieved to constrain her in the least Respect. She is whimsical, answer'd my Mother, and must be broke of it; and then she drew a disadvantageous Picture of my Temper and Character.

These ill-natured Reflections, of the Countess, mortified me to the last Degree, and I shewed my Displeasure, by a Frown I cast on Mr. *de Santman*, altho' he was only the innocent Cause, of so ill-timed a Reprimand. However, I consented to play with him, for a Stake at Discretion,* and won the Game.

C H A P.

* In *France*, they call what they play for, a Discretion, when the Stake is not fixed, but left at the Will of the Loser.

C H A P. VII.

*Love that is often cross'd, at length obtain'd,
Is sweeter far than Pleasure eas'ly gain'd.*

WEBSTER.

TWO Days afterwards, Mr. *de Sant-*
man brought a fine Nofegay, of
Italian Flowers, and by Dint of Intreaty,
obtained my Mother's Leave to send for
some Violins the next Day, which was my
Birth-Day, and desired she would consent
to our having a rural Ball. She granted
his Request; and we were agreeably sur-
prized, to find a large Grass-Platt, sur-
rounded by Horse-Chesnut-Trees, very
well illuminated; and to hear the Sound
of Fiddles and other Instruments, placed
behind the Trees. Mr. *de Santman* came
up with the Nofegay, which I had not
seen before, and presented it to me, telling
me he had my Mother's Leave to do it, and
also to ask the Favour of me to dance a
Minuet with him. This Request greatly
embarrassed me, as I had not the least In-
clination to dance, and the Baron's Absence

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making

making every Diversion tasteless to me. I was about to refuse the Chevalier, when Madam *de Bonneval* brought me my Mother's Commands to begin the Ball with him: I was about to obey, and going to place the Nofegay in my Bosom, when the Baron *de Granville* appeared.

As nobody expected him, his Presence gave great Pleasure to the whole Company, especially to my Mother and me, but it greatly chagrined the Chevalier, and I did not think the Baron seemed to be a whit better pleased. I perceived he did not like to see me Queen of a Ball, at which the Chevalier was Master of the Ceremonies. I declined fixing the Nofegay, and only carried it in my Hand, whilst I danced the Minuet, which was a very short one.

The Chevalier, who guessed my Thoughts, approached me, took the Nofegay, and with an Air, that shewed the Agitation he was under, said to me, when I gave you these Flowers, Madam, I flatter'd myself you would have honoured them with a better Place, but I find I was mistaken:

You

You have condescended indeed, to carry them a Moment in your Hand, which is the utmost Favour, I perceive, you chuse to bestow on me: Therefore pray give me Leave to rid you of the Burden. Saying these Words, he took the Nosegay, tore it in Pieces, and threw the Flowers on the Ground. My Mother in amaze, asked him the Cause? It was not good enough for *Mademoiselle de Salens*, answered he, (endeavouring to hide the Disorder he was in) besides, it incommoded her too much, and could not obtain the Place you were so good as to design for it. He then told me, in a low Voice, he would free me from the Uneasiness I felt at his Presence. In the mean Time, the *Baron de Granville* was discoursing with my Sister, and telling her a pretended Secret. He said, he was in Love with a young Lady at *Paris*, upon whose Affections he thought he might have depended, but that he had lately had unquestionable Evidence she loved another, and was false both to her Promises and Oaths. That being enraged against her, he now as much

hated, as he had before loved her: But, as he could no longer hope to be happy in this World, he was going to take the Habit of a Monk: And then, continued he, I shall bid adieu to your whole Sex. My Sister made a Jest of his Resolution; but for my Part, I, who had attentively listened to his whole Discourse, was terrible frightened at it. I had observed an Alteration on his Countenance, and thought him capable of executing the Design he had formed of seeing me no more.

This put me immediately upon the Thought of taking some Method, to convince him that I still loved him, but, as nothing, but a private Conversation, could let him know my real Sentiments, how could I bring it about? He avoided (tho' without seeming Affectation) every Opportunity that offered of speaking to me, and did not so much as vouchsafe me a Look, except he did it when my Eyes were off him.

What could I resolve on then? It was to write to him, Madam, continued *Felicia,*

licia, and what cannot omnipotent Love make us do? Especially when we fear to lose the Man we most are fond of? I had withstood all his earnest Entreaties, to induce me to grant him that Favour, as well as the great Inclination I had to comply; but for fear he should really abandon me, I wrote to him without Hesitation; for that Purpose I made use of a Pencil, and marked, in my Pocket-Book, the following Lines.

‘ I Have a thousand Reasons to complain of you, and yet you fly me; I recall you, and you condemn me without a hearing, and are taking Resolutions, which will forever imbitter the Happiness of my Life. If you still love me, why do you not consult my Eyes? They will tell you (until the Time we can obtain a private Interview) that I yet love you, and will never love another.’

I afterwards approached the Baron, and offering my Pocket-Book, pray give me your Opinion, said I, if these Verses are

pretty? They were composed by *Made-moiselle de Mensalgue*, she wrote them on purpose for my Birth-Day. I am a very indifferent Judge of such Performances, answered he, returning my Pocket-Book, and would advise you to shew them to some other. I was then taken out for a Country Dance; I hastily put up my Pocket-Book, and left him, highly piqued at his Answer, and resolved never to speak to him more.

The Dance being ended, I sat down by my Mother, who was playing at Piquet, at the Entrance of the Saloon; when the *Chevalier de Santman*, who had drank too freely of some iced Liquors, when heated with dancing, was suddenly seized with a violent Shivering, which obliged him to order his Footman to bring him his Horse.

My Mother seeing the Condition he was in, did all in her Power to prevent his going, but to no Purpose, for he departed; and the Moment he arrived at his House, was taken with a Pluresy which brought him to the Brink of the Grave:

Grave: The Ball being now ended, the Baron asked me for my Pocket-Book? What pray, can excite your Curiosity, at present, said I to him? You refused to look at it just now: Very true, answered he, but I have since reflected on the Rudeness I was guilty of, and sufficiently repented of it, since the Verses cannot fail of being very pretty, you being the Subject, and Mademoiselle *de Mensalgue* the Author of them.

To tell you the Truth, said I, I think you do not deserve to see them. Your Unwillingness augments my Curiosity, said he, satisfy it therefore I conjure you, perhaps it is the last Favour you will ever grant me. Here, said I, giving him my Pocket-Book, take and read them, but do it quickly. The Baron took the Book, and I observed, as he perused the Lines, he assumed an Air of Serenity and Satisfaction, which he had not shewed the whole Evening before.

When he had made an End of Reading, he stedfastly viewed me, and asked if those Verses were sincere? You may depend

upon it, answered I: Then, said he to me, in a low Voice, I am more blest than ever I was in my Life. I will return your Pocket-Book, continued he, speaking louder, but for the Verses I will keep them, I like them too well to part with them.

What Verses are you talking of, said my Mother, who had come up to us, without our Notice, and who luckily overheard, only the last Words spoken by the Baron. I will positively see them, said she, taking the Pocket Book, and unclasping it, to read them. Oh! Madam cried he, more frightened than ever, I cannot suffer you to restore to your Daughter, that little Piece of Poetry, which I am so charmed with, and which she wants to get out of my Hands: Permit me then, said he, endeavouring all in his Power, to put on a chearful Look, to recover the Book, you have just now taken from me, and ask me not to return it, 'till I have taken a Copy of the Verses.

The Baron, that Moment, snatched the Pocket-Book, out of the Countess's Hand, and running a little Way from her, held

it

it a Moment behind his Back, as it were to prevent her taking it away from him: I will have it this Instant, said my Mother, in a Voice which plainly shewed she was resolved to be obeyed. Well, Madam, since you absolutely command me, said he, approaching her, I will return it to you: Here it is, and I only pretended to keep it, that I might have the Pleasure of teasing you a little, as I think you are never so handsom, as when you are provoked.

My Mother took the Book, without making any Answer, and turned it over from one End to the other. During which time, I was in a terrible Situation; I sat myself down, and trembled to such a degree, as if I had been on the Point of hearing Sentence of Death passed upon me.

I knew my Mother's Temper, and expected she would burst into a Passion, before the whole Company. I had not the Power to get away, I blushed, and grew pale alternately, at every Leaf she turned over, and was every Moment
tempted

tempted to throw myself at her Feet, but by the greatest good luck in the World, I did not, for soon after she returned me my Pocket-Book, without saying any thing else, than that she was very glad to cast her Eye over it, not indeed, to see Mademoiselle de Mensalgue's Verses, she having seen them before; but whether she could find any thing there that might give her Cause to be displeased with me. I took the Book and put it up, unable to comprehend how she could miss seeing the Letter, which I supposed was still there.

My Mother then arose, and taking the Baron by the Arm, the whole Company broke up. On my return to my Chamber, the first thing I did, was to examine my Pocket-Book, and I found my Billet gone, which made me conclude the Baron had artfully torn it out; I then was no longer surprized at the great Unconcern he shewed, when he gave it to my Mother.

Being highly pleased that this Adventure had not been attended with so unlucky

lucky a Catastrophe, as I feared it would, I went to talk with my Sister, concerning Occurrences which had passed at the Ball; we spoke of Mr. *de Santman's* Indiscretion, for she was no Stranger to his Passion for me, and except what related to the Baron *de Granville*, I did not conceal even the most trifling Thing from her. I should be glad to know, said she, what gave such a sudden Turn to the Chevalier's Humour, and why he took away the Nosegay he had made you a Present of? Doubtless it was occasioned, said I, by his observing that I accepted it unwillingly. And what Reason pray, added she, could the Baron have to be uneasy? Really, Sister, I know nothing of the Matter, said I, hastily interrupting her, and I have too great Need of Rest, to trifle away time in guessing the Cause of his Melancholy. Saying these Words, I wished her a good Night, and went to Bed.

C H A P. VIII.

*I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty Things to say; e'er I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such Thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear*

*The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour; or have charg'd
him*

*At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons (for then
I am in Heav'n for him) or e'er I could
Give him that parting Kifs, which I had set
Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Mo-
ther,*

*And, like the tyrannous Breathing of the North,
Shakes all our Buds from blowing.*

SHAKESPEAR.

THE Fatigue of Dancing, did not prevent me from being the first awake; I burnt with Impatience again to see the Baron de Granville, and to tell him of the Fright I had undergone.

During the whole Day I could not possibly find an Opportunity; but in the Evening, as he was returning to me a
Book

The RIVAL MOTHER. III

Book I had lent him, he gave me a Letter, which I immediately put into my Pocket. I had not Patience to defer reading it till I got to my Chamber, but went to a Wardrobe belonging to my Mother's Apartment, where I read it twice over, having never received one from him before, so full of Passion, Delicacy, and Wit. I am sorry, Madam, said *Felicia*, to the Marchioness *de Mesval*, that I have it not to shew you, since I committed it to the Flames, as I did all others, soon after I received them. Could you have seen them, you would have confessed, that the Baron *de Granville*, both thinks and expresses himself, in a noble and uncommon Manner.

I was infinitely pleased with the Contents of it, you may be sure. He excused himself for the Grief he had made me suffer, and asked a thousand Pardons for the Jealousy he had unreasonably entertained against Mr. *de Santman*. In a Word, he conjured me that I would no longer refuse writing to him, since that alone could afford him Courage and Consolation.

solation. After having perused his Letter, I returned to the Company, and deferred burning it, till I should be in my Chamber.

After Supper, I went into my Mother's Room, where my Sister and I commonly read some Book during the time her Women were undressing her. In pulling out my Handkerchief, I dropped the Letter unknown to me; and, judge of my Vexation, when being returned to my Chamber, I could not find it.

As I was mentioned in that Letter by Name, I gave myself over for lost, not doubting but it would be found either by the Countess or some of her Servants. I wept bitterly, and made a Vow, that I would never receive another, or at least, would never keep it a Moment, if I was so lucky as to recover this. I considered there was a Possibility it might have escaped my Mother's Notice. But if it has fallen into my Mother's Hands, said I to myself, I must expect to feel the utmost Weight of her Resentment, and
where's

where's the Difference, whether I stand the Shock to-night or to-morrow? I will therefore return to her Chamber, under the Pretence of seeking for one of my Ear-Rings.

Being bent on taking this Step, I called *Désburs*, to whom I related my pretended Loss. Well, said she, you have no Reason to vex yourself about it, for if your Ear-Ring is in my Lady's Chamber, you will find it again to-morrow Morning, and there is no Occasion to disturb her now. I do not care, I will go there immediately, said I. She again opposed it, and said a hundred Things that almost made me mad; but at last, finding me determined to go, she went with me.

My Mother was not in bed, I entered the Room, trembling every Joint of me. The first Thing I did, was to examine her Countenance, and saw nothing there to augment my Fear; she was not even angry with me, for having dropt my Ear-Ring, which was of great Value. Look for it, said she, to me, and immediately applied herself to the Glass. I held it in
my

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my Hand ready to let fall, the Moment I should set my Eyes on my Letter, which I soon did. It had fallen so as to be hid by my Mother's Toilet, I suddenly laid my Hands on it, and cried out with an Emotion of Joy, which was natural enough, that I had found my Ear-Ring, and immediately shewed it, after having concealed that unlucky Paper, which had given me so much Uneasiness, and returned to my Chamber, more easy in my Mind than I expected I should.

About two Days afterwards, Chance having procured me a Conversation with the Baron *de Granville*, he told me his Uncle was expected every Moment, and that he would certainly declare to him the Love he bore to me, and that on him he grounded his Hopes; since, the oftner he saw my Mother, the less Room he had to imagine she would ever consent to our Marriage, if the King did not interpose. She imagines, continued he, with an Air of Vexation, that I love her, and yet I never gave her the least Room

Room to think I ever thought of her in any other Light, than that of a Friend. I have done all in my Power to avoid being alone with her, and yet she is persuaded I am in love, and only make a Secret of my Passion. This being her Opinion, she sometimes talks to me in Terms that much embarrass me, and to which I know not how to return an Answer, by Reason of the Difficulty I labour under, in endeavouring to steer between the Extremes of making her angry, or falsely flattering her Hopes. How greatly do I deserve Compassion, to be thus under a Necessity of continually disguising my Sentiments? And what Pain do I endure, to be every Day with you, and to be denied the Pleasure of looking on, or speaking to you? It would be insupportable to me, continued he, if you did not sometimes vow to me an eternal Constancy, and if I did not hope to see a speedy End put to that hard Constraint we now live under.

In this manner the Baron *de Granville* made use of the few Moments he could obtain,

obtain, to impart to me the Joy and Grief he felt in loving me. Our Conversations were frequently interrupted, and, but for the Resolution we had taken of writing to each other, from time to time, we should have had but an imperfect Knowledge of each others Sentiments. He kept my Letters, and did not burn them, as I did his : It is true, I did not sometimes destroy them in two or three Days, but carefully kept them in my Pocket. Mine to him, as he told me, were locked up in a little Strong-Box, which he put every Night under his Bolster, that he might read them over when he went to bed, and when he got up. If I could have reflected, that Death, an unforeseen Sicknefs, or an Inconstancy, which is too common amongst the Men, might have occasioned my Letters to be one Day exposed, I should have been more cautious of entering into such an Inter-course. But, can Love and Reason agree ? No surely, and we are rarely sensible of the Danger we run, till it is too late. Thus we continued a Correspondence

spondence by Letter, during the whole Time my Mother staid in the Country, and the Baron could be there.

But this Pleasure, the only one we were allowed to taste, was not of so long Duration as we could have wished. The Baron, by an unexpected Order, was obliged to join his Regiment, and he came to take his Leave of us. This was Heart-breaking-News to me: He read, in my Looks, the Grief his Absence would cause me, and *his* plainly told me, the great Concern he felt to leave me. He had only two Days to stay with us. He begged in one of his Letters, that I would accept of a little Patch-Box, which he intended to make me a Present of, and to open it often, to put me in Mind of him. In that Letter he bid me Adieu, in the most tender and affecting Manner.

The next Day as we were playing at Cards, in my Mother's Closet, a Servant brought word, there was a Jew in the Porch, who asked if we wanted any Jewels or Trinkets. My Mother answered

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ed in the Negative, but the Baron desired she would permit the Man to come in, saying, as he was going a Journey, he should want a great Number of Things. At his Request, the Jew was brought in, and opened his Box, which was full of Trinkets of no great Value. Among them was a Dozen of Straw Patch-Boxes, with Gold Rims, which were thought neat and pretty. The Jew asked a Pistole a-piece for them. *Madam de Bonneval* said, that since they were so cheap, she would make a Present of one to my Mother, and of two others to my Sister and me. She desired the Baron to choose four for her, because she intended to have one for herself; he did so, and gave them to us, as my Aunt ordered. My Mother had at first got one which she did not keep, the Baron telling her it had a Fault, and whispered her, that as I was the youngest, I ought to have the worst. She therefore gave it me with a Smile, and said, that the Baron had allotted it me. I took it, and told my Aunt, I would carefully keep

it. The Jew departed, and I several times opened my Box, without discovering, that it, in any Respect, differed from the others.

In the Evening, I met the Baron upon the Stair-Case : Adieu, dearest *Felicia*, said he, taking my Hand, which he kissed, and watered with his Tears, I am forced to leave you, and tho' it will be but for a short Time, I cannot depart, without feeling the greatest Regret. Will you *ever* love me, *Felicia*? And, as I can no longer write to you, or receive any Letters from you, will you then often think, there is no Man in the World who loves you so dearly as I do?

You will not be effaced either from my Idea, or my Heart, answered I, with extreme Grief, they will be ever full of you. But, added I, may I as safely depend on your Constancy? Will you ever bear in Mind the Promises you have made me? Alas! continued I, you will have my Letters to help you to bear my Absence, and I shall have nothing to comfort me for yours. Yes, my dearest *Felicia*, said he,

he, you will have my Picture; it is in the Patch-Box, I gave you, concealed by a false Lid, which opens by Means of a Spring, that would escape the Notice of any one, unacquainted with the Secret. It is a little black Pin, near the Joint, which you must push pretty hard, with the Pencil of your Pocket-Book, when you will behold the Features of a Lover, who lives for you alone. It was I, continued he, that caused those Boxes to be made, and directed the Maker to let the Jew have them at a very low Price. So soon as they were delivered, my Valet accosted him, and advised him to bring them here, assuring him, he would find a Sale for them; the Jew followed him, and, as it had been told, so it happened.

Adieu, said I to him, all in a tremble, be assured I will never forget you. He returned me no Answer, but again took one of my Hands and kissed it. I got away, spight of his Efforts to prevent me, and went into my Chamber, where I stayed till the Emotion, occasioned by the Conversation

versation which had just passed between us, was over.

The two Days the Baron had to stay with us, soon passed away. My Mother, at the End of which, talked with him for some Time, and desired he would let her hear from him often. For my part, I said nothing to him, and would not even wait for the Moment of his Departure, but went into Madam *de Bonneval's* Apartment, on Pretence of fetching some Work I had left there, and did not return to the Closet 'till the Baron was gone.

C H A P. IX.

*Oh Love ! how are thy precious, sweetest Minutes
Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with Disappointments !*

ROWE.

AFTER the Baron was gone, I assumed an Air, which had not the least Appearance of Sadness, and tho' the Constraint was infinitely painful to me, nobody perceived the Grief I felt. In the mean Time, I lost all Relish for Diversion,

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sions, and had more Pleasure in thinking only on the Baron, than in being with the numerous Company that frequented our House. Mr. *de Santman* had not appeared there, since his Illness, he was so weak, that he could not go out of his Chamber.

The Season was far advanced, and we proposed to stay only a Month longer in the Country, when an unexpected Accident obliged us to leave it eight Days after the Baron's Departure; it was the Death of Madam *de Bonneval*, who was carried off by a malignant Fever. We were inconsolable for her Loss; and we had the additional Grief to see her die in our Arms. My Mother, however, was as easily comforted for her Sister's Death, as she had been before, at the Loss of my Father; her Mind being more filled with the Care of taking into her Possession an ample Fortune, than it was with Grief.

A few Months afterwards, I had the Misfortune to be liked by the old Duke of***** He proposed a Match between us, to my Mother, who consented, without ever consulting me. When she did
me

me the Favour to inform me of it, I plainly told her my Aversion to marry a Man so disproportioned in Years. She let me know, she was resolved it should be done out of Hand: I then fell at her Feet, and earnestly intreated she would not force my Inclinations; but, finding her inexorable, I at length, assured her, I would never consent to have him, and that I would rather be cloystered up in a Convent, my whole Life, than marry the Duke of****. Well then, Madam, said my Mother to me, be pleased to prepare yourself to go to one To-morrow: Since you will not be a Dutcheſs, I'll make a Nun of you: And for you, Madam, said she to my Sister, as you have so great a Love for each other, I will not part you. You shall accompany her, but shall stay no longer there, than till I can find out a suitable Match for you.

We had now lost my Aunt, and my Mother having nobody to over-rule her, she obliged us to set out the next Day, and old *Desburs* was appointed to conduct us: My Mother was glad to be rid of us, we

being, as she thought, troublesome Witnesses to her Conduct; and she would not have kept us so long with her, if my Aunt had not, in a manner, obliged her to it.

The Day of our Departure, the Baron *de Granville*, impatient to see me again, came Post to our House, and my Mother told him, she had just before, sent us to a Nunnery. He stood in need of all his Prudence, to prevent a Discovery of the violent Grief he felt at the News; however, he concealed the Disorder it occasioned him, as well as he could, and resolved on seeing me, and releasing me from the Prison they designed to lock me up in.

Felicia then related to Madam *de Mesval*, all that had happened to her, from the Time she left the Marquis *de Blefemont's*, to the Moment she was wounded in the Labyrinth. She confessed she never felt so poignant a Grief, as when she lately saw the Baron *de Granville*, and was left by him so very hastily. I think of it continually, said she to the Marchioness, and the more I consider it, the more I am convinced he

no longer loves me ; that he has sacrificed me to another, and, ashamed of his Treachery, did not dare to stand the Sight of me, or to hear the Reproaches he imagined I would make him. Judge now, Madam, said *Felicia*, sighing, if you are not a thousand times happier than me? And if I am not to be pitied, for having so easily yielded my Heart, to the faithless Baron *de Granville*, whom (ungrateful as he surely is) I cannot still help loving?

I share your Grief, my dear *Felicia*, said Madam *de Mesval*, embracing and thanking her, for the Confidence she had just reposed in her, but I cannot think the Baron faithless: Some important Reasons, which we know nothing of, may have obliged him to behave as he has done to you. Perhaps you may see him sooner than you think at your Feet, where he may clear up Appearances, which I must own are against him. I wish it, but cannot entertain such Hopes, answered *Felicia*: Well, but as you have his Picture, replied Madam *de Mesval*, pray be so good as to shew it me, for I have a

G 3

longing

longing Inclination to see it. I am unable to satisfy your Curiosity, interrupted *Felicia*, for I had the Misfortune to lose my Box, the Day I was carried off in the Forrest. I am very sorry for it, answered Madam *de Mefval*,--- but, I perceive, said she, breaking off the Discourse, that *Julia* and Madam *de Mouville* are gone; and, though I should never be tired of hearing you, I judge it must be very late: Saying these Words, she took *Felicia* under the Arm, and both of them walked towards the Castle. After Supper, *Julia* and her Sister withdrew, leaving the rest of the Company busy at Cards, in the Closet.



C H A P. X.

*A generous Fiercenefs dwells with Innocence,
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.*

DRYDEN.

THEY were scarce got into Bed, when they heard one of the Servants calling to the rest, and telling them they must make haste, and bring a Light, for the Marquis was come. Madam de Mesval ran out to meet him, she found him alighting from his Horse, and received him with Marks of Joy, which he returned in the best Manner he could. But what Pains soever he took, to put on such a Look of Satisfaction as he ought to have shewed, at seeing her again; he could not hide his Grief, which the tender Marchioness but too plainly perceived. She deferred enquiring the Cause of it, till they should be alone together, and conducted him to the Cabinet, to introduce him to the President, his Wife, and Madam de Selnac.

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Those amiable Persons gave him a Reception suitable to his Merit, that is to say, loaded him with Careffes. Madam *de Mouville*, and Madam *de Selnac*, who had never seen him before, congratulated him and the Marchioness upon their mutual Choice. The Marquis *de Mesval* made a proper Return to their Compliments, and added, that Madam *de Mesval* deserved a more amiable Husband; that for his Part, he had a thorough Sense of her Merit, and should ever have a due Esteem for her.

The Absence of *Julia* and *Felicia*, gave rise to a Fancy, in Madam *de Mesval*, of getting them to dress themselves, the next Day, like Peasants, and to make them pass for the Gardiner's Nieces, to see what the Marquis would think of them, and afterwards to surprize him, by informing him of their Name and Adventures. She communicated her Design to Mr. and Madam *de Mouville*, and Madam *de Selnac*, who gave into it.

Not a Word, therefore, was said of them, and the Company went to Bed. The next Morning, Madam *de Mesval*
went

went into *Julia's* Chamber, when she and her Sister were just coming out to pay her their Compliments, on the Marquis's Arrival. She stopped them, and said it would give her much Pleasure, if they would consent to dress themselves in the manner she should desire, and go into the Park, under Pretence of doing some Work; the Marquis *de Mesval* is now there, but you need be under no Apprehensions, added she, smiling, for though my Husband is young, he behaves with great Prudence and Decency to the Fair Sex. And being, as I have told you, almost insensible to the most alluring Charms, he perhaps may be regardless of yours.

Felicia and *Julia* having consented, the Marchioness served as Chamber-Maid to the lovely Sisters. They were not long at the Toilette, for the finishing Stroke was soon given to their Dress. Upon my Word, said Madam *de Mesval*, you look charming in these Cloaths, and I think it would be more prudent in me to hide you from the Marquis, than to put you, as I do, upon shewing yourselves to him.

Considering the Account you have given us of him, interrupted *Felicia*, I could almost answer, that he will not so much as afford us a Look. That may be, replied the Marchioness, but go, said she, embracing them, I will retain you no longer.

Julia and *Felicia* then went down into the Garden, and came to the Grove where the Marquis was ; they met him in the most solitary Alley, where he was walking and reading. They passed him, and he did not take the least Notice of them. But it was not so with the two young Ladies ; for they had no sooner cast their Eyes on him, than they found he was the Baron *de Granville*. What do I see, cried *Felicia* ! Oh ! Sister, continued she, addressing herself to *Julia*, the Baron is an ungrateful faithless Man, and, I am now compleatly wretched : Saying these Words, she sunk down on a Bench, and gave way to the most excessive Grief. *Julia*, moved at the Condition she saw her in, was at the greatest Loss, what she should say to comfort her, she pitied her, and could do no more.

I will

I will fly hence, Sister, said *Felicia*, and that this Instant. Death would be less painful to me, than an Abode in this detested Place. *Felicia* spoke those Words so loud, that the Marquis, who was crossing the Grove, by a little Walk behind their Seat, overheard them. The Sound of that Voice struck him, and made him hastily come up to the two Peasants, whom he had not so much as observed before. And how great was his Surprize when he knew them, and found *Felicia* bathed in Tears. Ye Gods! said he, lifting his Eyes to Heaven, what do you offer to my View?

Two unhappy Creatures whom you have forgot, and who merited your Friendship and Remembrance, answered *Julia*.

I must confess, Madam, said the Marquis, that *you* deserved them both; but the false *Felicia*, added he, fetching a deep Sigh, has she any Right to demand them? And, am not I the weakest of Mankind, that I have not yet been able to banish her from my Breast? For, do
not

not think, Madam, continued he, that she is now less dear to me: My Passion is still the same as it was, before I had fully discovered her Falshood. I no longer make a Mystery of the Love I have borne, and which I still bear to her, for doubtless, by this time, you can be no Stranger to our Secrets. But, before I enquire to what Accident I owe the meeting you both at this Castle, suffer me to vent my Reproaches on her, for her perfidious Dealings, as well as for the wretched Condition she has reduced me to. She weeps, said he, viewing her tenderly, can she repent the having made so ill a Return to my Flame? Cruel *Felicia*, added he, falling at her Feet, and in his Turn dropping some Tears, have I deserved such Treachery? False Man, said *Felicia*, who till that Moment had not Strength to interrupt him, how dare you to reproach me, with such unjust Suspicions, when you well know I have nothing to repent of, but the having loved you too sincerely? Leave me then, continued she, (withdrawing one of her Hands, which

which he had taken) Leave me, bear all your Tendernefs to her, for whom you have facrificed me; and never, henceforth, attempt to fee or fpeak to me. I am about to quit this Place, and for the future, fhall only think of you, as a Man who muft for ever be indifferent to me. Adieu, conceal from Madam *de Mefval* a Converfation, which would drive her to defpair; ſhe loves you, and deferves your Affection. For me, during the reft of my Life, I will deplore my having had any Regard for ſo unworthy an Object.

In ending theſe Words, *Felicia* aroſe all pale and trembling; *Julia* was not in a much better Condition; and the Marquis had ſo ſad and tender a Look, that it was eaſy to imagine what had paſſed in his Breaft.

For Heaven's Sake, ſtay a Moment longer, ſaid he to *Felicia*, what you have ſaid, almoſt perſuades me you are not guilty. Deign then, I beſeech you, to clear up this Matter to me, the Truth of which,

which, it so nearly concerns me to know: Satisfy me, I pray you, whether I was mistaken in thinking this Letter to be your Hand-Writing? He then took out of his Pocket-Book, the Letter which the Countess *de Salens* had forged, and which he had carefully preserved, as the properest Antidote to expel his Passion.

Felicia could not deny his Request; she took the Paper, and the Writing appeared to her so like her own, that she thought at first she had written it; but, she had not read far, before she discovered, to her great Amazement, that somebody had counterfeited her Hand. Is it possible, cried she, any one could be guilty of so heinous a Crime? And could the most inveterate Hatred contrive any thing so horrible? Here, Sister, said she, to *Julia*, read it, and see what a black Attempt has been made by the vilest Forgery, to blast my Character.

Julia took the Letter, and was not less amazed than her Sister had been, at the Contents of it. Who could give you this Letter, said she, to Mr. *de Mesval*?

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And how could they so nicely counterfeit my Sister's Writing? You shall know, Madam, answered he, but before I tell you, repeat it to me again, that *Felicia* did not write these fatal Lines; pray justify her, if it is possible, convince me that all I have heard of her is false, and that my very Eyes deceived me, when they shewed her to me in a Field with a wretched Peasant, who himself acknowledged she was his Wife.

Your Eyes did not deceive you, interrupted *Julia*, and it was *Felicia* herself, you saw with that Peasant, who told you she was his Wife, only to put an end to Questions he did not choose to answer: My Sister, who for Reasons I have not now Time to tell you, was obliged to disguise herself in the same manner as we are at present; she had been some Days at the House of that Man, who is her Nurse's Son, and accompanied him and his Wife to their Work, because she would not be left alone.

The Day you saw her, she was taken ill and had fainted away; and *Dupré*, the young

young Peasant, came to support her, whilst his Wife went to fetch her some Water.

This it was that served to strengthen your Prejudices against her, and the rest of your Complaints have no better Foundation. My Sister is the same as she was when you were first acquainted with her, and has nothing else to blame herself for, but having loved you without her Mother's Consent. Farewel, Sir, continued *Julia*, rising from her Seat, you ought to be satisfied with what I have told you, and to esteem my Sister. But, you ought at the same time, to take a Resolution never to see her more, and to conceal from *Madam de Mefval*, a Passion, which would imbitter her whole Life. We have been at her House sometime, and she has laid us under the greatest Obligations, which I have neither Strength nor Time to tell you. It was she that engaged us to come to the Grove in this Dress, she expected some Diversion in making us pass for your Gardiner's Nieces. But our Meeting in this Place,
will

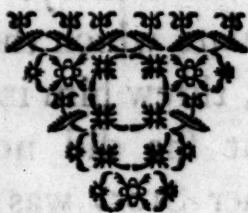
will quite disconcert her Scheme, and, doubtless, will for ever render wretched, a Sister I love, and for whom you ought to have preserved a strict Fidelity. Banish her entirely from your Mind, since it is no longer in your Power to make her happy. If she follows my Advice, (and I cannot suppose she will reject it) she will no longer think of you, but as a Man she ought to shun. Once more, adieu, I fear lest the Marchioness should see us together, and should perceive the Disorder your Presence has thrown us into.

Julia having then given her Hand to her afflicted Sister, was about to leave the Marquis, who had heard her Discourse without giving her the least Interruption; when she observed him to change Colour, and a Dimness overspread his Eyes. Heavens! said she to *Felicia*, he is taken ill, what shall we do? She that Moment came up to him, with her Sister, who was ready to sink, and did all in their Power to recover him from his swooning. They were about to call
for

for help, when Madam *de Mesval*, and the rest of the Company appeared. *Julia* went to meet them, whilst *Felicia* was wiping away her Tears, and using her utmost Efforts to conceal the Condition she was in. You find my Sister and me, in a dreadful Consternation, said she to the Marchioness, for we just met with the Marquis *de Mesval*, who had fainted away upon this Bench; lend him the speediest Assistance you can, Madam, and excuse my Sister and me, if we do not stay with you, for Fear has so seized her, that she cannot be of the least service to you.

Madam *de Mesval*, without attending to the last Words of *Julia*, ran to the Marquis, whom she found still senseless. Mr. *de Mourville*, who had called the Servants, caused him to be carried to his Chamber and put to bed, where it was some Time before he came to himself. The first Object that offered to his View, was Madam *de Mesval*, who was holding his Hand, which she watered with her Tears. He cast a wishful Look for *Felicia*, but not seeing her, sighed, and desired to be
left

left alone. Every body went away, even Madam *de Mesval* retired, for fear of being troublesome to him. So soon as he was alone, he abandoned himself to the most cruel Reflections. *Felicia*, his dear *Felicia*, was not guilty, he had found her again, but dared no longer tell her he loved her. What a Situation was that for a Heart, tender like his ! The Grief he felt, was so poignant, that he was seized with a violent Fever, but it did not prevent him from getting up in two or three Hours time. He wanted once again to see *Felicia*, to make her acquainted with the Reasons that had compelled him to forsake her, and then to die, since he could not now be her's.



C H A P. XI.

*Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes.*

SHAKESPEAR.

FULL of these Thoughts, the Marquis went into a Gallery, where the Company were assembled, and who were greatly surprized to see him. He said he found himself better; and enquired what had passed during his Absence: Madam *de Mesval* told him, she had in the House two Sisters, very amiable young Ladies, whom he had not seen, she mentioned to him their Names, and briefly related to him their Adventures, whilst Mr. and Madam *de Mourville* and Madam *de Selnac*, were at Cards at the farther End of the Gallery.

The Particulars which the Marchioness related to him, threw him into the greatest Agitation, but she did not observe it; and luckily, her Story was not long.

He said he had heard much Talk of those Ladies, and should be delighted to see

see them. I will send to know then, said she, if they are yet got over the Fright you caused them, and will afterwards carry you to their Apartment. Mr. *de Mesval*, who wanted no Witness to what might pass, declined seeing them then, under Pretence that his Head was still out of Order. But, when he saw Madam *de Mesval* was set down to Cards with two Persons who were just arrived, he went to their Apartment.

Felicia was lying on a Couch, and discoursing with her Sister on what had happened, when she was told Mr. *de Mesval* was come. Oh! Sister, said she, what does he mean? For Heaven's Sake, go to him, for I must see him no more.

It is the last time you will have that trouble, said Mr. *de Mesval*, coming in, you cannot, without the greatest Cruelty, shun the Sight of a Wretch, who means to justify himself, and then to die. Saying these Words in a low faint Voice, he stopped *Felicia*, who would have retired to a Closet. She strove to disengage herself,

self, but the mortal Grief which sat on his Countenance, and his moving Entreaties that she would bear with him a Moment, made her consent to give him a Hearing: She therefore sat down by her Sister. And the Marquis having partly, in few Words, declared what passed in his Breast, said to *Julia*, The Impression which your Words made upon me this Morning, Madam, did not give me the least Room to justify myself. I own my Conduct to be highly blameable, and I am severely punished for it, since it has occasioned me the Loss of all I hold dear in this World. But, yet, I hope it will not deprive me of your Compassion. I was, in some Measure, compelled to behave as I did, being convinced, by the strongest *Appearances*, that your Sister, whom I no longer dare to call my dear *Felicia*, had quite forgot what she owed to me, and to herself.

It was your Mother that invented the basest Slanders against your amiable Sister, doubtless with a Design to cure me of the Love, she, at last, saw I bore her:

her: I am still ignorant by what Means she could discover a Flame, I so cautiously concealed, and even this very Morning, I have been thinking how she could come at the Knowledge of a Secret, I so industriously studied to hide from her. At last it came into my Mind, she might possibly overhear a Conversation that passed between me and *Felicia*, in the Park at *Blesmont*; and this, in all Probability, is the Source of our Misfortunes. It must be so, interrupted *Julia*, and doubtless this made her resolve to have my Sister carried off two Days afterwards by *Dufour*; and induced her to write the fatal Letter I have shewn you, added Mr. *de Mesval* sighing, she imparted it to me, continued he, with all the Marks of Affliction that could be shewed by a Mother, convinced of her Daughter's Folly, and accompanied the Confidence she reposed in me, with several other Circumstances, equally disadvantageous to *Felicia*. In a Word, spight of the great Inclination I had to excuse her, I could not possibly doubt the Truth of
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the Countess's Information. I concealed my Despair as well as I was able, and departed from *Blesmout*, full of Love and Grief. I formed a Resolution to avoid all Woman-kind, and to pass the greatest Part of my Time with the Marquis de *Mesval*, who lived privately at an Estate he had near *Thoulouse*. I went there without disclosing my Design to any Person. The Marquis was my Relation, and what is more, my Friend: He was extremely glad to see me, and very well pleased to hear that I proposed to stay with him all the Time I could be absent from my Regiment.

The Abode we made together was of no long Duration; he was seized with a Disorder that carried him to his Grave. As he was a Bachelor, and his next of Kin were very rich, and had more than once disoblighd him, he left me his Estate, which is very considerable, on Condition I would assume his Name. I therefore changed mine, and staid near six Months at my new Estate, without seeing the least Company. Being at the
End

End of that Time, obliged to return to *Paris*, I took ready furnished Lodgings, shut my self up from all my Acquaintance, and even from my best Friends; and never once went to any publick Place, so that nobody knew I was in Town. I only made an Acquaintance with a Fellow-lodger, a very polite Gentleman, who is an Officer in the King's Regiment.

C H A P. XII.

Love me! Why it must be requited:

I hear how I am censur'd; they say I will

Bear myself proudly, if I perceive the

Love come from her.

SHAKESPEAR.

MY gloomy, melancholy Air, made my Friend judge I laboured under some violent Affliction. He told me one Day he would try to dissipate my Grief; and he engaged me, against my Will, to visit *Madam de Mencour*. Though I assured him I had Reasons for not being seen, it was to no Purpose; he told me

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that

that Lady was in the Country, where she saw but very little Company, that some Days she did not even see any Person ; but he, as a Relation, had Leave to visit her, and could carry me with him.

I yielded, at last, to his pressing Entreaties, and accompanied him to the Marchioness's House ; I was introduced to her, under the Name I had lately assumed, and as a Man, who did not usually reside at *Paris*. She received me with the greatest Politeness and Civility, and kept us there two Days.

Though I thought her a very agreeable Woman, yet I was neither less melancholy, nor less pensive. Mr. *de Bonnemar*, (for that was my Friend's Name) who hoped his Cousin might have dispelled my Care, was sorry to see me still the same, and one Day pressed me to trust him with the Secret of my Sufferings. The Friendship he was continually shewing for me, and the Regard I had for him, induced me to make a Confession of my Troubles to him : I only took Care to disguise such Circumstances as might have
I discovered

discovered the Persons I was speaking of. He pitied me like a true Friend, and told me, he was resolved to extricate me from the unhappy Situation I was in: That I stood in need of a *Mentor* to guide me, and that *he* would be mine; but that I must punctually follow his Directions, on Pain of being given up to my wretched Fate.

I had some Reluctance, in consenting to what he required of me, but at last I yielded to his Importunity. He carried me several times to see Madam *de Men-*
cour, whom he had prepossessed, by telling her I was seized with a Melancholy, which sometimes made me insupportable to myself, and had persuaded her to imploy her whole Wit, and sprightly Humour, to bring me out of the Condition I was then in.

Out of Complaisance to her Cousin, she immediately did every Thing she thought capable of amusing me. Tho' she was lively and sensible, she did not meet with Success, I thought myself obliged to her, for her great Civility, but did not pay the

least Homage to her Charms. We had often Conversations together, in which I was sure to be rallied for my grave Disposition. But, notwithstanding, melancholy as my Humour was, it did not prevent her from liking me. I perceived it, spight of all her Endeavours to conceal her Sentiments from me; and far from glorying in a Conquest, which another might have been elated with, I was grieved at it, because I found myself in an Inability to make her a proper Return; which made me resolve not to visit her so often as I had done: Wherefore, one Day, when I was with Mr. *de Bonnemar*, at *Paris*, and he would have carried me again to Madam *de Mencour's*, I earnestly begged he would not constrain me. And for what Reason, pray said he? Is it because she loves you? She does not love me, answered I, a little surpris'd to find we had both made the same Discovery: But I am afraid I should take an Affection to her, if I was to see her often; and you know my Resolution, is to avoid the Sex my whole Life.

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It is a Folly to think you can persist in that Design, said he to me ; and tho' you had the Power, I would not suffer it. To convince you that I speak as I mean, I insist upon it, that you set out with me this Moment, to visit the Marchioness, she is amiable, and has a Passion for you, and I think would be no despicable Match if you were prudent enough to resolve to marry her. It would, added he, be a great Satisfaction to me, to see your Hands joined ; and I tell you, I hope it will be one Day or other brought about ; I have already assured her, that you think her a charming Woman, that you have owned it to me, but did not know how to break it to her yourself : She answered, that she could not possibly believe it, for your Behaviour was too cold and indifferent. And yet I perceived my Discourse was pleasing to her. In this Manner have I spoke of you to her, when ever we were alone. I even had the Precaution to put such an Interpretation upon your Words and Actions, as turned them in your Favour ; and when she expressed her Surprise,

prise, that you should only impart your Sentiments to me, I accused you of Bashfulness. Why, said I, interrupting Mr. *de Bonnemar*, Oh! Why did you thus impose on Madam *de Mencour*? I do not love her now, nor ever shall: And to convince you, in my turn, that I speak as I mean, I will set out To-morrow, for my Country-House, without seeing her, that she may no longer remain in an Error, which if not timely discovered, might hereafter prove fatal to her Repose.

My Friend vainly endeavoured to dissuade me from my Design, and at least to prevail on me to take Leave of Madam *de Mencour*, but I refused him. You will write to her, then, said he, for that you cannot dispense with, without entirely breaking thro' the Laws of Politeness and Decency. I even refused that, but he so teased me, that I at last wrote three or four Words, to the Marchioness, to excuse my not waiting on her, before my Departure. Mr. *de Bonnemar* undertook to send my Letter, which he accompanied with one he did not shew me; but the
Purport

Purport of which, I have since learned, was to this Effect.

‘ That some very earnest Business obliged me to go away; that I set out in Love to the greatest degree, and was excessively grieved I could not wait on her; that he would accompany me, and would promise to bring me back speedily, and to make strict Inquiry into my Estate, in order that he might advise her, at his Return, whether she might accept the Offer I proposed to make her.

After having dispatched his Letters, he returned to my Chamber, and asked me if I would give him Leave to accompany me to the Place I was destined, and consent to be troubled with his Company for a short Time?

Mr. *de Bonnemar* (besides a great deal of Wit and Knowledge of the World) has a sweetness of Temper, and Honesty, that recommend him to the Friendship and Esteem of all who know him. I had given him mine without Reserve, and therefore was delighted at his Intentions, of going with me to *Mesval*. There we

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passed

passed two Months together, solely employed in hunting and reading; at the End of which Time, I was obliged to return to *Paris*, on account of a Law-suit, which was commenced against me, at the Instigation of one of my Neighbours. My Friend accompanied me; and, on our Arrival, we met *Madam de Meneour*, who was going to her Country-Seat, with one of her Cousins, tho' the Season was far advanced.

Seeing us, she stopped her Coach, and having asked what brought us to *Paris*, she told us she had not known what to do with herself since our Departure, that her Humour was so strangely altered, that now, she as much avoided Company, as she had before sought it, and preferred Solitude to the most entertaining Diversions; that this obliged her to leave the Town. But I hope, Madam, said Mr. *de Bonnemar*, you will except us from the number of those unhappy Creatures you will not permit to see you, and will suffer us to pay our Respects to you? You may be assured, answered she, I will do it with the greatest Readiness. But for the Marquis's Part, added she, blushing, he loves Solitude, and will not incommode me, I will give him Leave to muse as much as he

he pleases. He will not refuse your Offer, interrupted Mr. *de Bonnemar*, and will be delighted as well as I, to attack you upon this Alteration in your Temper; but, continued he, without giving me Room to put in a Word, the Marquis has informed me, he shall not have any Business at *Paris* till the End of the Week, it is now but just begun, what then should hinder us, Madam, from accompanying you, to Day, if you will give us Leave? You will do me a great Pleasure, said she, quite overjoyed. I made Signs, more than once, to Mr. *de Bonnemar*, that I did not approve of the Party he was engaging me in, but he took not the least Notice of them, and hurried me away.

Madam *de Menceur* redoubled her Civilities and Affiduity, during my Stay; yet notwithstanding the Passion, I had unhappily inspired her with, she always shewed a modest Reserve, which augmented my Esteem and Pity for her. I saw she deserved a return of Love; but I could not forget the lovely *Felicia*, all-ungrateful as I then thought her.

The Eve of the Day, fixed for our Return to *Paris*, I went with my Friend to wait on the Marchioness, to her Apartment. I was about to wish her a good

Night, when the Chevalier *de Bonnemar* took me by the Arm, and said to me, stay here Marquis, it is high Time to break Silence; you love my fair Cousin, you have confessed it to me; you have a good Estate, and are desirous of being married, she has a Value for you, and doubtless will soon love you; why then do you delay letting her know your Sentiments, from your own Mouth? Ah! Madam, cried I (greatly surprized, and falling at her Feet to ask Pardon, that I entertained only Sentiments of Friendship for her) the Chevalier deceives you; no, Madam, replied he, hastily, I do not deceive you, in asserting that the Marquis *de Mesval*, on Account of his excellent Character, deserves the Gift of your Hand.

I am not now, to do the Marquis Justice, said Madam *de Mencour*, who had paid no Attention to the last Words I said to her; but, added she, I dared not flatter myself I had inspired him with the least Passion: *You* indeed, assure me that he loves me, but yet he has not told me so *himself*, or even given me Room to guess it. But, spight of that, I will implicitly believe you, and will freely confess, that were the Marquis as poor, as he is plentifully endowed with the Gifts of Fortune,
I should

I should love him as well. Yes, Sir, said she to me, with an Openness and Sincerity, accompanied with some Confusion, I find you so deserving the good Opinion I have entertained of you, that I should readily make you happy, even at the Expence of my own Quiet. Nor, do I make any Difficulty to own, that I liked you almost the Moment I first knew you; however, you would ne'er have known what passed in my Heart, in your Favour, if Mr. *de Bonnemar* had not several Times vouched to me, that you loved me, and that a Diffidence only, restrained you from making a Declaration of your Love; and I should have been miserable my whole Life, in concealing my Sentiments from you, but for the Confession you have just now made me.

Whilst Madam *de Meneour* uttered these Words, I was still at her Feet, and so amazed at what the Chevalier had advanced in my Name, that I was utterly at a Loss what Answer I should return. I was never under so painful a Perplexity; I uttered only a few unmeaning Words; and, had she not been unaccountably blinded by her Passion, she must certainly have discovered I had not the least Claim to her Favour. However, she did not,
but

but assured me, she would forthwith write to her Brother; that she hoped he would set out on Receipt of her Letter, and she promised me, that his Return should fix the Day, on which she would give me her Hand.

As I returned a very slight and indifferent Answer, to all she said, Mr. *de Bon-nemar* took me again by the Arm, and cried, come my Friend, let us leave it to Love, to disturb the Repose of my agreeable Cousin. Adieu, said he, Madam, taking her Hand and kissing it, may your Sleep be sound; and, that the Marquis may have none but pleasant Dreams to Night, give him, also, this fair Hand, I hold, which he earnestly longs to kiss.

You are always his Interpreter, I think, said she, giving me her Hand, though surely he can speak his Mother Tongue well enough to tell his Mind himself; and saying these Words, she dismissed us. When I left her, I looked full as dull and stupid as I had done during the whole Conversation. My Thoughts were employed only on *Felicia*, and the Means of undeceiving Madam *de Mencour*, which I found I had not the Power to do, by Word of Mouth, finding her so prepossessed as she was; I thought, however, I might write

to her, and honestly own the Situation of my Heart. My Mind, greatly agitated by these Reflections, I returned to my Chamber: The Chevalier, who followed me like my Shadow, came there also, and seated himself over-against me, without speaking a Word for almost half an Hour. At last, after having given him an angry Look, you have plaid me a very pretty Trick, said I, and given me a very singular Proof of your Friendship indeed, to drive me to so perplexing a Situation, as you have done.

To be sure, replied he, in full as serious a manner, as I had spoke to him, I have done you a most barbarous Injury, in endeavouring to make you marry a Lady who is young, rich, beautiful, and virtuous! But what can be done now? The Proposal has been made and accepted, and you cannot recede, without breaking the Marchioness's Heart, making me be looked on as a Liar, and passing yourself for a Man out of his Senses. I do not care what I pass for, answered I, but I would not wed Madam *de Mencour*, if she was a thousand times handsomer, and richer than she is.

Oh you are much in the Right of it, said he with a malicious Smile, you reserve
your

your Hand for the Charmer, who left you to take up with a paultry Valet. She will suit you exactly, and a Heart like hers is certainly preferable to that I would make you Master of. Cruel Man, said I to him, why, by this ill-timed Raillery, do you insult an unhappy Wretch, whose Thoughts are too much already employed on that ungrateful Woman?

I do not mean either to rally or insult you, added he, I would only have you seriously reflect on your present Condition, which I would extricate you from, if possible. The only Way to succeed, is, to take as a Partner for Life, an amiable Woman, who, by Means of her Accomplishments, her Tenderness, and her prudent Conduct, may eradicate the desperate Passion, which is silently undermining your Life. In short, Madam, Mr. *de Bonnemar* made use of a thousand Arguments, to convince me I ought to accept of Madam *de Mencour's* Hand. He placed all her good Qualities in so advantageous a Light, and made me so thoroughly sensible, how greatly irritated I ought to be against the treacherous *Felicia*, as I then thought her, that at last I yielded; and gave him my Word, I would marry the Marchioness, so soon as her Brother should arrive:

arrive: He embraced me, by way of Thanks, as if I had done him some signal Favour, and went to Bed highly pleased with having gained so compleat a Victory over me.

I also went to Bed, but was not able to take a Moment's Rest; I thought my Afflictions were considerably augmented, since I had given my Consent to a Match, I did not approve of. But this did not prevent me, the next Day, from shewing a little more Regard for *Madam de Men-*
cour: Tho' I could never prevail on myself to tell her I loved her, and it was only by a kind of equivocal Language, that I assured her of it. In short, her Brother came, and we were married at her Country House, to the great Satisfaction of my Friend, who shortly after returned to his Regiment.



C H A P. XIII.

He makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair.

DRYDEN.

THE Possession of Madam *de Men-*
cour, continued the Marquis, neither
 increased my Happiness nor abated my
 Grief: she at first tenderly reproached me
 for it, and I made surprising Efforts to
 appear more chearfully. She was pleased
 with me for it; and, observing afterwards,
 that the Conversation of the most agree-
 able Ladies was still less pleasing to me
 than her own, she attributed to my Con-
 stitution, a Melancholy, which you, said
 he (looking on *Felicia*) have been the sole
 cause of.

Shortly after our Marriage, I left her,
 and went to join my Regiment. In my
 Way thither it was I saw you with that
Dupree, who you say is your Nurses's
 Son; at seeing you again, I felt to how
 great a degree I loved you; but, reflecting
 you were in the Arms of a Man so much
 beneath you, my Love was converted into
 Fury. I was even tempted to Sacrifice
 that unworthy Rival before your Face;
 however I contained myself, and asked
 him some Questions, which he answered,

in such a Manner, as only served to augment the bad Idea which I had before received of your Conduct. Indignation and Rage, at last determined me to fly you; and, spight of the joy I felt to see you again, all perfidious as I then thought you, I departed from you with the utmost speed. Ever since that Moment I have been more and more haunted with the Idea of your Charms and your supposed Falsehood, and I returned Home more miserable than ever.

Judge you of my Surprise, fairest *Felicia*, continued the Marquis, when I met you this Morning. You were a Witness to the Effects the sight of you produced in me. But you cannot conceive the different Emotions of Joy and Grief I felt in hearing you had never degenerated from that Virtue, which always rendered you so respectable in my Sight.

My Love and Despair equally increased; the Blow your Sister gave me, by inhumanly assuring me you would deprive me of the Pleasure of ever seeing you more, seemed so cruel to me, that I fell senseless. Why did I not dye that very Moment! Then I should not have suffered the Pangs I now feel, and you would have been freed from the Presence of

of a Man, unworthy indeed of your Love, but who can never cease to adore you.

Here he became silent, the Efforts he had made to speak, the Fever he was then oppressed with, and, above all, what passed in his Breast, threw him into a fainting Fit, which occasioned him to fall down on the couch he was sitting on. Heavens! cried *Felicia*, raising and supporting him, and viewing him tenderly, what will become of me? He will dye, and I shall be the Cause of it! Yes, my dear *Felicia*, said he, reviving, I shall dye, and that without regretting those Days I now cannot pass with you. But, in parting with Life, I should be more contented than I dare hope, could I but persuade myself you do not hate me, and that you would pay the Tribute of a few Tears to my unhappy Fate. Ah! why should I hate you, answered she? No, no, I cannot blush at my Sentiments; your Will, your Heart, had no share in the breach of those Oaths, which indeed you ought inviolably to have kept. You will be ever dear to me; and I shall be always inconsolable on account of the Engagement you have entered into with *Madam de Mencour*. I shall pity you, perchance I shall dye of Grief; but I cannot avoid bidding you a long and last Adieu,
since

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since what would the World think of me, should I suffer your Visits after the Love you have had for me? What Opinion would Madam *de Mesval* herself have of it? She is my Friend, tho' she is my Rival, and I am the Cause she is not Mistress of your Heart; I have trusted her with our Secrets, and she cannot be long ignorant you are the very Baron *de Granville* I spoke of. How great soever may be her Esteem for me, she would detest me, if I did not shun you, and would not help suspecting me of cherishing those Sentiments of Indifference, which now disturb her Peace. Adieu, then, my dear Baron, live and preserve a Life that is precious to me. Forget me, for I will go shut myself up in that Convent to which my Mother proposed to send me. But what did I say, continued she, interrupting herself? Did I bid you banish me from your Remembrance? No, do not so, I cannot yield up my Title to your Heart, therefore think of me, and be assured, the Idea of you will be ever with me, and that in losing you, I lose all Peace and Comfort of this Life.

She could say no more, Sighs and Tears prevented her; she withdrew her Hand which the Baron had seized, and on which he had imprinted Kisses innumerable

merable, and, spight of his Endeavours, left him, and shut herself up in her Closet, where she gave the Reins to her Grief. The Marquis *de Mesval* took leave of *Julia*, and returned to his Apartment, borne down by his Fever, and still more by his Affliction. Madam *de Mesval* having heard that he was obliged to go to bed, left her Cards. She found him so weak and dejected, that she was greatly terrified. The Physicians she had sent for, declared he was in a dangerous Condition. He refused to take whatsoever they offered to relieve him. In vain did every one intreat him to follow the Doctor's Prescriptions. He answered, that he was obliged to them for their Friendship, but as he was sensible he could not get over his Distemper, he was resolved not to take Medicines, which would only render the last Moments of his Life, more insupportable.

The mournful Marchioness was under the greatest Affliction in her Apartment, when *Felicia* and her Sister entered it. Those two amiable Sisters were full as much afflicted as she, though their Grief was not so apparent. After they had endeavoured to comfort her, they begged the Favour of the Marchioness, to lend them

The RIVAL MOTHER. 165

them her Coach, to convey them to the Convent, of which their Aunt was Abbess.

And would you leave me, my dear *Felicia*, said Madam *de Mesval*, at the very Juncture when I most want my Friends! What, pray can induce you to depart so suddenly?

You have bestowed a thousand Favours on us, replied *Julia*, which we shall ever bear in Memory; but, spight of the Pains Friendship has inclined you to take, in order to alleviate our Sorrows, they wholly possess our Minds, and give us continual Disquietude. The Marquis *de Mesval's* Sickness will retard your Journey to *Paris*, you will be obliged to remain here some time longer, and if we stay also, we may not be in Safety: Suffer us therefore, to forego the Pleasure of your Company, and permit us to throw ourselves into an Assylum, where our Enemies will not dare to make any Attempt upon us. Be assured, that but for very important Reasons, we could not think of leaving you, and that our Departure is not owing to any Regret, for the Time we have passed with you.

Well then, interrupted the Marchioness, I will grant your Request. But I have

have one Favour to ask of you, which I hope you will not deny me. It is, that you will stay only eight Days longer with me, added she, embracing them; for I want you very much in my present Condition.

And of what Use can we be here, said *Felicia*, have you not *Madam de Selnac* and her amiable Daughter? Take my Word for it, my dear Marchioness, you had better not oppose our Departure; you may perhaps, hereafter, blame me for so readily complying with you.

I do not conceive, replied the Marchioness, what can make me repent keeping you with me, but be it as it may, I shall not change my Opinion, and am resolved I will not lend you my Coach, till you have staid the Time I ask of you. Since it is so, said *Felicia*, we must do as you would have us. But as my Melancholy continually gains Ground, I must, in my Turn, request you will suffer me to remain all Day in my Chamber (whilst I am here) and that you alone will visit me; can you be so unkind as to refuse me? Yes, said the Marchioness, for, considering the Condition the Marquis is in, I cannot avoid being continually in his Chamber, and, if you had the least Friendship for me,
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my dear *Felicia*, you would keep me Company. *Felicia* excused herself from it, as long as with decency she could, but was at last forced to yield to the Marchioness's Importunity.

During this Contest, Word was brought to Madam *de Mefval*, that the Marquis was extremely bad, and grew worse every Moment. And that she must go to his Chamber, and prevail on him to take a little Broth.

This News was like a Thunder-Stroke to *Felicia*, as well as to the Marchioness. Come, Madam, said the former, let us go to him, perhaps his Obstinacy will cease, when he sees the Excess of your Affliction. Saying these Words, she took the Marchioness by the Arm, and went with her to the Marquis's Apartment. *Julia* made Use of that Opportunity, to acquaint Madam *de Mouville*, with the real Cause why *Felicia* determined to depart so suddenly. Those two Friends deplored the Fate of the Baron and Madam *de Mefval*. Whilst they were conversing together, *Felicia* was with the Marquis, whom she had at last persuaded to swallow down the Broth, he so greatly stood in need of. By his Looks full of Languor and Tenderness, he had thrown her into
so

so great an Emotion, that she could not have concealed it from the Observation of *Madam de Mesval*, but for the great Affliction she was under.

The Marchioness being obliged to go out a Moment afterwards, to give some Directions. *Felicia* seized that Opportunity to persuade the Marquis to take more care of his Life. You have cut the Thread of my Days, said he, with a faint Voice, and since you will no longer see me, I will no longer live. Live! Oh live! interrupted she, and I promise you, that how painful soever it may be to me, I will not go hence till you shall have consented to a Parting, which is so absolutely necessary. Here the Marchioness's Return, prevented her saying any more.

From that Moment, the Marquis suffered them to give him all such Medicines as might contribute to his Recovery. The Care he took of himself, but more than all, the Presence of *Felicia*, insensibly diminished his Fever.

That young Lady however, paid very dear for her Complacency, since his Presence added Force to her Passion. It gave her the highest Satisfaction, to see how carefully the Marquis was attended,
but

but she would have been much better pleased, if the Marchioness had had no Concern in it. The least Office that Lady did him, gave her an insupportable Jealousy. On the other Hand, what Madam *de Mesval* sometimes said to her, threw her into the utmost Perplexity. She often talked of the Marquis's Merit, asked her if the Baron *de Granville* was as agreeable a Man as he, and thanked her a thousand Times for her Condescension, in staying longer with her.

You cannot conceive, my dear *Felicia*, said she to her, how much I am obliged to you. You have, at my Intercession, given me the Pleasure of your Company sometime longer; you are so kind as to assist me in my Attendance, on a Man whose Life I prize more than my own; you prevail on him, by your engaging Manner, to take Care of that Life; and, I have even observed, that your Presence gives him a Pleasure I should be jealous of, if I did not know you both: In short, I am indebted to you for my whole Peace and Quiet, since, but for you, he would not have taken any of the Medicines which have been administered to him. *Felicia* blushed, and was at a Loss what Answer to return to these obliging Expressions;

the Marquis sighed, and could not help giving her such a Look, as would have been but too intelligible, had not the Marchioness firmly believed, that he knew *Felicia* only by Name.

C H A P. XIV.

*Her Soul, unable to contain its Grief,
Pours forth a Deluge of impetuous Sorrow.*

DENNIS.

AT the End of five or six Days, the Marquis's Fever being greatly abated, he would willingly have got up, in hopes to have procured a Moment's Conversation with *Felicia*, but he found himself too weak. His not being able to leave his Bed, was fresh Matter of Grief to him, and the more so, as she never came near him, but when Madam *de Mesval* was there.

The Inclination he had to get rid of their assiduous Attendance, gave him new Strength, and he got up sooner than was expected. He then found that *Felicia* studiously avoided him. As he doubted whether she would stay much longer at the Castle, he several times attempted to procure a private Conversation with

with her, and one Evening an Opportunity offering, he joyfully seized it.

Felicia had retired to her Chamber, under Pretence of the Head-Ach. The Marquis, concluding she would not appear again the whole Evening, said, he was extremely sleepy, and having supped a little Broth, he withdrew to his Apartment, went to bed, and dismissed his Valet de Chambre. So soon as he was alone, he got up again, dressed himself, and softly rapped at *Felicia's* Chamber-Door. The Family were just gone to Supper, and all the Servants were employed in waiting at Table, so that he did not fear being discovered. *Felicia* was alone, and opened the Door, without so much as suspecting it was the Marquis *de Mesval*.

The Sight of that unhappy Lover surprized her. And is it you, said she, trembling, what can have brought you hither? I am alone, and must not admit you. I come only to bid you a last Adieu, said he, taking her Hand to make her re-enter her Apartment, I consented to the Means which were used for preserving my Life, only, because you flattered me I should enjoy your Presence for some time longer. I have recovered my

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Health,

Health, and that I find too speedily, since its Return has already occasioned you to fly me. You are on the Point of leaving me, adorable *Felicia*! I am persuaded of it, and your Absence will again drive me to despair. My Heart disapproves of the Resolution you have taken to abandon me, and accuses you of Ingratitude and Cruelty: But my Reason, employed only to torment me, forces me to confess, that you ought no more to see me. I reverence you, I esteem you, and I know you too well, to think you will ever have a greater Feeling of the Pains I endure, than you have at present. I am even under the cruel Necessity to counsel you to fly me, as my Passion must needs be injurious to you, and as I am no longer worthy of you. Go then, said he, falling at her Feet, but bear it in your Remembrance, that I shall be faithful to you even to my last Gasps; that I shall be inconsolable for having lost you, and that nothing can mitigate my Grief, but the Hope of seeing a speedy End of my Life, which is now become more insupportable to me than ever. Adieu, my dearest *Felicia*, continued he, kissing her Hand, with equal Ardor and Affliction. Adieu, dear Baron, said she,

she, dropping a Flood of Tears, and, since you cannot be happy in thinking of me, banish, if possible, from your Mind, the Remembrance of your Love, and be assured, that nothing will ever efface you from my Breast. In saying these Words, she arose from her Seat, but the next Moment sunk down on it again, with a Look of Astonishment, of which the Marquis soon discovered the Cause, by perceiving the Marchioness, who stood close by the Door, and appeared to be under the greatest Amazement and Affliction.

She came up with a Design to prevail on *Felicia* to go down and taste of some Woodcocks that had been made her a Present of, and having found the Door of her Chamber open, she entered it without making the least Noise.

The first Object that offered itself to her View, was the Marquis *de Mesval* at *Felicia's* Feet. The extreme Grief of those two Lovers, had, for some time, prevented them from perceiving her, and their Conversation, which, she but too distinctly heard, had deprived her of the Power to interrupt them. She was even about to withdraw without speaking to them, but being discovered by *Felicia*, (as

was before observed) she entered, and seating herself, continued a Moment without being able to utter a Word: At last, addressing herself to *Felicia*, and sighing very deeply, you have again found the Baron *de Granville*, said she, and I shall for ever lose Mr. *de Mesval*; he adores you, and you love him. Do you think me now happier than you?

I am thoroughly sensible of your Affliction, said *Felicia*, without daring to look on Madam *de Mesval*, but does not mine then surpass yours? I must lose your Friendship, be for ever separated from the Man I love, and leave him in the Possession of an amiable Lady, who will, doubtless, soon afford him Consolation. No, no, said the Marquis, very hastily, nothing can ever make me amends for your Absence, I must love you my whole Life, and be ever wretched.

Cruel Man! interrupted Madam *de Mesval*, and cannot even my Presence deter you from avowing your Love to another? Could not all I have done for you, ever since you have been mine, induce you to spare me this painful Hearing? Did any body force you to give me your Hand? And, since your Heart was not in your own keeping, why did you
leave

leave me to think I might be sole Mistress of it? Before I knew you I was happy, and fondly imagined an Increase of Happiness would have awaited our Nuptials; but alas! how terrible the Disappointment!

Mr. *de Bonnemar* is the sole Cause of all our Misfortunes, answered the Marquis, and but for him, Madam, I should not have known you. His Friendship for us both, made him desirous of seeing us united. He persuaded you, that I loved you, and forced me, if I may be allowed to say so, not to disavow the Assurances he gave you of my Passion. In short, I thought *Felicia* false and faithless: I found you amiable, and yielded to the pressing Importunity of a Friend, who persuaded me I should soon forget her in your Arms. Dearly have I repented my too too easy Compliance; my Love has never ceased to haunt me, and insensible to your internal Perfections, as well as to the Charms of your Person, I have thought only on those of *Felicia*. A thousand Times have I inwardly pitied you for loving an Ingrate, who did not deserve you. I have reproached myself, as I do even this very Moment, added he, for not making you due Returns of

I 4 Affection.

Affection. I have the greatest Esteem for you, and had I known you before I had seen that Lady, pointing to *Felicia*, I had doubtless loved *you*, as much as I now love *her*; but her Beauties made the first Impression on me, and you ought to be moved rather to pity, than to hate me, since, spight of all I feel for her, I came here only to bid her an eternal Adieu.

I do not, cannot hate you, said Madam *de Mesval* (viewing him with Looks full of Tenderness, and using her utmost Endeavour to stop the Tears and Sighs which interrupted her Speech) and I am so greatly moved at your Sufferings, that I will alleviate them at the Expence of my own Repose. Yes, added she, were we not linked together by indissoluble Bands, I would resign you to your loved *Felicia*, whose Happiness I should envy, without disturbing it. But as it is now impossible you should be her's, I will at least free you from the Uneasiness you must suffer in living with me. I shall now bid you a long and last Adieu, you will at once lose a Mistress that loves you, and a Wife who adores you. You may perhaps one Day, regain the former, but, for me, I will never see you more; and
to-morrow,

to-morrow, I will betake myself to a Convent, there to deplore a Husband, who, all ungrateful as he is, will be ever dear to me. And, I hope you will not refuse me your Consent, in writing a few Lines, to authorize the Step I am resolved to take. Adieu, added she, offering him her trembling Hand, and afterwards loosing herself from *him*, as well as from *Felicia*, who endeavoured to detain her, adieu, and if you both think of me, be it only to pity me.

The Marchioness then went to her Apartment and shut herself in. *Felicia*, under the deepest Concern, at the Affliction that amiable Lady felt on her Account, followed her, that she might not be alone with the Marquis, and was at a Loss where she should go to hide the Condition she was in, when she met her Sister *Julia*, who being uneasy, that neither she nor the Marchioness returned, was come up to enquire after them.

The Sight of *Felicia*, bathed in Tears, terrified her, and she asked the Occasion, when *Felicia*, in few Words, related to her what had happened. This Event interrupted the Supper, for Madam *de Mesval* sent and desired, that Mr. and Madam *de Mouville* and Madam *de Selnac*

would come up to her. And great was the Grief of those three Persons, to hear of the fresh Uneasinesses that prevailed in the Castle:

The President, who was no Stranger to the Torment which is felt, when one loves without Hope of Return, sincerely pitied his Sister's unhappy Condition, and thought the Fate of the Marquis, and Mademoiselle *de Salens* equally grievous.

He immediately sought for the Marquis, and met him coming out of the Marchioness's Apartment. Despair was painted on his Countenance. Mr. *de Mourville* shared his Grief, like a true Friend, and asked him if he had been to Madam *de Mesval*? Yes, said he, but she refused to see me. I went with a Design to ask her a thousand Pardons, for the Affliction I have occasioned her to undergo, and to beg she would rest satisfied with my Friendship; or at least, permit me to go away from her, which I could do without making any Noise. For in Truth, I have Cause enough to reproach myself, without the additional one, of driving her to abandon the Pleasures and Comforts of Life, by shutting herself up in a Convent. Go then, my dear Friend, try and prevail on her, yourself, to grant me that Favour. I will
go,

go, said Mr. *de Mouville*, but as she greatly loves you, I foresee she will not grant your Request.

The President instantly went, and found the Marchioness, with the outward Shew of great Composure, but inwardly a Prey to Grief. He staid with her more than an Hour, but could not obtain his Request. She persisting, to the last, in the Resolution she had taken. The Marquis, said she, has not the least Love for me, I am convinced of it, therefore I have no more to do with Pleasures. The World would now be disgustful to me, for which Reason, my dear Brother, I will bid adieu to it. Return to Mr. *de Mesval*, and ask for the Writing I spoke to him of, and come to me again, with Madam *de Mouville*, that I may embrace you both, before my Departure, which is fixed for to-morrow Morning early. I shall take with me only one of my Women; and you, or Mr. *de Mesval*, will take Care to pay off, and discharge such Servants as I shall have no more Occasion for. I also desire you will make my Excuses to the Daughters of the Countess *de Salens*: I pity *Felicia*, and cannot hate her, though she is the Cause of all my Misfortunes; but I can never see her again. Mr. *de Mouville* finding it
was

was to no Purpose, to stay longer with the Marchioness, left her, in order to prepare for the executing the Design she had formed. During this Time, *Felicia* and her Sister, were making Preparations for their Departure, and deploring their hard Fate: A Coach, which Mr. *de Mouville* had promised to lend them, was to carry them the next Day to a Convent.

A mortal Sadness prevailed in the Castle. Madam *de Se'nac*, Mr. *de Mouville*, and his Bride, were the only Persons who could call themselves happy; and yet they were not compleatly so, thro' the great share they bore in the others Afflictions. Mr. *de Mesval* made a second Attempt to speak with the Marchioness, in order to induce her to change her Purpose, to promise he would never again see *Felicia*, and to endeavour, all that lay in his Power, to subdue the unhappy Passion he felt for her; but she was stedfast in her Resolution, and refused to hear him.

Tho' the Marquis was excessively griev'd for the Affliction he made her suffer, yet he was very well pleased, both that she had refused to see him, and to cohabit with him; being thoroughly sensible, that in living with her, his Sufferings would be greatly augmented, as his Love for his
 dear

dear *Felicia* was not in the least diminished : And being unwilling to be Witness to the Departure of Persons he held so dear, after having bestowed many Embraces on Mr. *de Mouville*, desired him to undertake the Management of his Affairs, and to make his Excuses, in the best Manner he was able, to Madam *de Mesval*, set out that very Night, to go to an Estate he had near *Tboulouse*.

The Marchioness departed soon after him, and went to the Convent she had chosen for her Retreat, where one of her Sisters was a Nun.

C H A P. XV.

*My Grief was at the Height before thou cam'st,
And now like Nilus, it disdaineth Bounds.*

SHAKESPEAR.

JULIA and *Felicia*, who had not closed their Eyes, arose at four o'Clock in the Morning; and, after a tender Parting with Mr. *de Mouville*, Madam *de Selnac*, and her amiable Daughter, they got into the Coach, with Mrs. *Dupré*, and began their Journey, attended only by one Footman, and Mr. *de Mouville's* Valet de Chambre. *Julia* could not leave the President's

ident's Lady without the greatest Regret; for during the Time they lived together, she had contracted the most sincere Friendship for her. Madam *de Mouville* begged the Favour of *Julia* to write to her, and promised she would do all in her Power to advance her Happiness. *Julia* thanked her, but said, she had a Load upon her Heart which would prevent her from ever enjoying perfect Felicity. They then immediately parted, and *Julia* and her Sister, left the Castle, seized with a Grief, which for a long Time prevented them from speaking.

They had not travelled above two Hours, when in crossing a pretty extensive Plain, they were attacked by four Men, armed each with a Brace of Pistols. The Valet de Chambre, who attempted to oppose their Violence, received a Shot in the Head, which killed him upon the Spot. Two of the Ruffians seized the Coachman and Postillion, another the Footman, and the fourth obliged the Ladies to get out of the Coach; who imagining them to be Highwaymen, offered them their Purse, but one of their Number soon undeceived them, by declaring his Design was only on *Julia*, whom they immediately seized, and obliged *Felicia*, spight of her Cries and Intreaties for her Sister, to get into the Coach,

Coach, and ordered the Driver to continue his Journey.

The Fellow, frighten'd to the last degree, did not stay to be bid twice, and driving his Horses furiously on, in a very short Time, he brought *Felicia* to her Aunt's Abby, and returned, by another Road, to acquaint his Master of the Misfortune that had happened.

Mr. *de Mouville* then repented he had not gone himself, with the young Ladies, and, doubted not but this carrying off the unhappy *Julia*, was the Handy-work of Mr. *de Blesemont*; he even went to *Beautros* himself, to endeavour to get Intelligence of it, and speak to the Marquis; but he could not possibly get Admittance to the Castle. The Bridges were drawn up, and he waited a long Time, to see if any Person would come out, but to no Purpose: For Mr. *de Blesemont* had all necessary Provisions in his own Court-Yard, for the Maintenance of himself and Family.

The President, who had lost all Hopes of procuring any Information, relating to *Julia*, and of speedily delivering her from the Persecution of her cruel Husband, returned to Madam *de Mouville*, and set out with her for *Paris*, firmly resolved, immediately

diately on his Arrival there, to go to Court, and sue for Justice to be done on Mr. *de Blefemont*, for his Cruelty to *Julia*; for he was persuaded she must be at *Beautros*, and he was not mistaken.

That Lady was carried forcibly away by no other than the Marquis's Order, and, from the very Moment she was in his Power, he treated her as if she had been the basest and most abandoned of her Sex. They confined her in a lower Room, which was dark and grated; and in this dismal Place, she had the Mortification again to behold Mr. *de Blefemont*, and to stand the Shock of such Language, as Vengeance and Malice dictated to him.

She returned no other Answer but Tears, to all he said: That wicked Man, unmoved at the terrible Condition he had reduced her to, did not leave her, till he had assured her she was but at the very Beginning of her Calamities; and that the smallest of those, she must hereafter expect, was to be a Prisoner for her whole Life. And to convince her he was a Man of his Word, when any Villainy was to be committed, he contrived, with *Lucy*, all possible Ways of tormenting her.

Julia bore her Misfortunes with an exemplary Patience, and did not expect an
End

End of them till Death should release her, which she often wished for, as the greatest Favour Heaven could grant her. Tho' the Marquis's Hatred seemed every Day to increase, she was not more alarmed at it, and was less terrified at his Fury, than at his odious Love. That Fury, however, ceased all at once, and it was, doubtless, to fill up the Measure of the unhappy *Julia's* Grief.

Mr. *de Blefemont*, who had constantly seen her, ever since her Return, and whose Rage had not made him blind to her Charms, began to reflect on the great Difference there was between her and *Lucy*. He was now angry with himself, that having in his Power the most charming Woman in the World, and being her Husband, he should rather chuse to make her miserable, than to taste those Delights which a lawful Enjoyment of her might procure him: He therefore resolved to make new Efforts, in order to gain her Affection. He was of Opinion, that considering the Grief he had made her suffer, it was no Wonder she had, till that Time, viewed him only with Detestation; and, that by changing his Behaviour towards her, and endeavouring to please her, he possibly might succeed. These Reflections
led

led him to determine upon a different Conduct, he had hitherto observed, and, from that Moment, he looked upon *Lucy* only as a Person necessary to manage his Family. He did not even give himself the Trouble of concealing, from her, the Sentiments he entertained for *Julia*. That wretched Girl, burst out into Invectives against her Master, and swore she would be revenged of him and her Rival. Mr. *de Blesmont*, with his usual Churlishness, bid her hold her Tongue, or she would have Cause to fear his Resentment; and without taking any further Notice of what she said, he went to the Marchioness's Room, to tell her the Impression her Charms had made on his Heart. He assured her, that he repented of all the Ills he had made her suffer, that he loved her more than ever, and she should have no Cause to complain of him for the Future, if she would make suitable Returns to his Passion; but he added, that he was not formed, long to act the distant and obsequious Lover, that he had stretched his Patience too far already, and that she ought, either thro' Inclination or Prudence, to yield to his eager Wishes, for otherwise, he could not answer what

Violence

Violence the Excess of his Passion might put him upon committing.

This Declaration, which he uttered with his usual Roughness, terrified *Julia*, to a greater degree than she had ever been before. The Idea of being beloved by so wicked a Man, and one she had so much Cause to hate, so affected her Imagination, that she was immediately taken ill.

Mr. *de Blefemont*, not at all pleased with the Effect his Declaration had produced on her, called some of his Servants, and caused her to be conducted to the little Pavillion she had been placed in, the first time she came to *Beautros*, and appointed a Country Girl to wait upon her: He afterwards took the Key of the Pavillion, into his own Custody, being unwilling to trust in any other Hands, the Treasure it contained. *Lucy* was prohibited going there; and he even took from her the Keys of the Castle, for fear she should again facilitate *Julia's* Escape.

Though *Julia* was tolerably well accommodated in her new Prison, yet she was excessively afflicted at what she had to fear from Mr. *de Blefemont*, whom she dreaded worse than Death. A thousand times did she call that King of Terrors to her Relief, and had certainly plunged her

herself on his Dart, but Religion interposed. She was a whole Day without seeing the Marquis; what disagreeable Reflections did she not make, during that short Interval? She revolved in her Mind what Conduct she had best observe, to avoid the Calamities she feared from his Love; and the more she reflected, the less able she was to contrive an Expedient. At last she resolved to get the better of herself, so far as to feign less Aversion for him, and to give him some faint Hopes, that she might one Day love him. How difficult soever such a Constraint appeared to her, she judged it absolutely necessary, in order to gain that Time, which she hoped would not pass, before her Friends would be able to extricate her from the Danger she was in. From that Time there appeared less Sadness in her Looks; and she even gave the Marquis Room to think she might one Day take Comfort, and submit to his Will, if he did not require too hasty a Compliance.

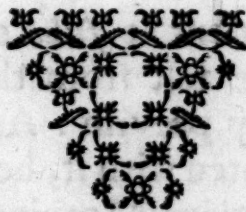
He, who did not expect such a Change, seemed very well pleased with it, and promised her, in Return, more than he intended to perform. He told her, he could not dispense with seeing her every Day, but that he would require Nothing that could

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could give her the least Uneasiness. *Julia* thanked him for that Promise, as if he had granted her the greatest Favour in the World. Her Beauty appeared so very exciting to the Marquis, that he was more than once, upon the Point of breaking his Word with her, but his Fears prevented him. However, if that Day he put a Constraint on himself, it was more than he did afterwards. The Marchioness's Charms were too striking for him, to see her often, and not o'er leap the Bounds she had prescribed him. The more gentle she was to him, the more his Passion increased, and as that Passion was unattended with Respect or Delicacy, *Julia* soon found herself exposed to new Attacks, more warm and dangerous than ever. In short, she must have felt the Effects of his Passion, if the Gout, a Distemper he was much subject to, had not opportunely stepped in to her Assistance; it having seized him, at the very Time he was growing impatient at *Julia's* Perseverance. The Pains he felt from that Distemper, made him very peevish: And tho' he was greatly tormented with it, he caused himself to be carried every Morning to the Pavilion. *Julia* now thought herself less unhappy than she was before his Illness, and endeavour'd

your'd to reconcile herself to the disagreeable Necessity she was under of seeing him constantly, and hearing the Reproaches he made her. She often passed the Day with him, without speaking a Word, endeavouring to divert her Mind a little by working, but more taken up with the different Events that had already happened, and the Misfortunes she had still Cause to fear.

The Thought of a Return of Mr. *de Blesmont's* Health made her tremble, and she could not help praying he might continue his whole Life, in the Condition he was then' in. But her Prayers were not heard, for in a few Days, he grew much better, and his gloomy Air disappeared, thro' the Hopes of being soon made Amends for all his Sufferings.



C H A P. XVI.

*What is there good in Woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her so, has left her?*

MIDDLETON:

ONE Evening as Mr. *de Blesmont* was sitting in a Window, which looked out on the Sea-Shore, he saw at a little Distance, a Fishing-Boat that belonged to him, and perceived one of his Servants to land out of it, who came running up to him, and asked what should be done with a Man they had just taken up out of the Sea, who still shewed some Signs of Life? If he is almost dead, said the Marquis, it is not worth while to take any Trouble about him, and you may e'en throw him in again, to put a speedy End to his Pain.

Alas! What do you mean Sir, cried *Julia*, surely you cannot be so inhuman to let him perish for Want of Assistance? Save him for Mercy's Sake, 'tis an Action for which Heaven will be pleased with you.

I have no great Notion of the Favours of Heaven, answered he profanely, yours alone Madam, can tempt me, and if you will recompense me for the good Deed, I
will

will readily do it. Doubt it not in the least, replied *Julia*, eagerly. Well then, said Mr. *de Blesemont* to his Servant, let the Man be brought to the Castle, and taken Care of.

His Orders were obeyed, and thro' the Care of *Lucy*, who was sole Directress every where, save only in the Pavillion, that Incognito came to Life again, and was put into a Chamber next her own.

Altho' he had recovered his Senses, and seemed to be pretty well out of Danger, yet he continued so very Weak, that there was still Room, to fear the End of his Days might be approaching.

Lucy, who began to have an Interest in their Duration, would not leave him till she found he was a little better. His Person and Appearance had excited her Curiosity; therefore, when he was in a Condition to speak, she asked him his Name, and what Country he was of. I am an Irishman, answered the Incognito, and am called *the Chevalier de Grafford*. I was going to the *Indies*, where I have several Relations: The Ship I went on Board of was wrecked, I saved myself by Help of a single Plank, and for several Hours had been struggling with the Waves, under which, I had soon been buried, but
for

for the timely Assistance of the Fishermen who brought me hither. To their Care and yours, Madam, I owe the Preservation of a Life, which, indeed, I was not desirous of prolonging; however, I shall always retain a grateful Remembrance of it, and never be at Rest till I have given you Proofs of my Gratitude.

Lucy returned not a Word of Answer, so much was she taken up with gazing on the Speaker; having never before seen so amiable a Man.

His Age seemed to be about Thirty, he was tall and well made, his Deportment majestick, his Air, tho' a little haughty, and reserved, was nevertheless extremely noble; his long and dark brown Hair, fell in large Ringlets, over his Shoulders, and his Eyes of the same Colour, seemed formed to find the ready Way to a Female Heart. The Tone of his Voice was affecting, his Discourse, his Behaviour, and indeed, every Thing about him, was accompanied with that Kind of *Je ne sçais quoi*, which generally prepossesses, and is not to be met with in the common Run of Men.

As he was so remarkably engaging, it is no Wonder that *Lucy*, warm and passionate as she was, should form the Design

of pleasing him, and should consider the gaining him, as the most important Thing in the World to her. With a View to succeed then, she thought of making herself pass, with the young Irishman, for a Woman of Birth and Condition. She therefore left him, and went to Mr. *de Blesmont*, who was returned to his Chamber, and, after having related to him what the Stranger had told her, she added, since I am so unfortunate as to have lost your Favour, I hope you will not be displeased, if I turn my Views towards Mr. *de Graf-ford*; he is amiable, and I think, far from being insensible. If one may judge from his Appearance, there is no doubt but he is a Man of Quality; so that if I can gain his Affections, and follow him, it will be the making of me.

The Marquis did not in the least oppose *Lucy's* Design, as that Girl, who was full as base as himself, was beginning to lie heavy upon his Hands. She had often uttered Threats, which had effectually terrified him; and being delighted at the Thought of getting rid of her, he did not disapprove of her Intentions; he therefore, suffered her to assume the Name of a Widow Lady, who died a short Time before, and was his Relation. From that Moment she took
the

the Name of *Madam de Maranber*, and the Marquis ordered his Servants to say she was his Niece, and to call her only *Madam*. Two Days afterwards, she returned to *Mr. de Grafford's* Chamber. She had the Precaution, first to send the Marquis's Black there, that he might inform the Chevalier of every Thing she wanted him to know.

This Fellow had shared *Lucy's* Favours with his Master, and being wholly devoted to that Creature, had launched out in her Praise to *Mr. de Grafford*. *Lucy* had promised him, as a Recompence for that Service, that she would let him want for Nothing, and that if her Lover carried her away, she would take him with her.

The Chevalier got off his Bed when he saw *Lucy* enter. She had dressed herself out as well as she possibly could, in order to set off, to the greatest Advantage, the few Charms she had remaining. He went to meet her, and having saluted her, said, I am filled with Joy, *Madam*, in having just now heard that I am at the House of the Marquis *de Blesemont*, who is the best Friend I have in the World; do me the favour, pray, to tell me if I can see him. I will conduct you to him, Sir, said *Lucy*, directly, I am sure he will be greatly de-

lighted to see you, notwithstanding the great Pain he is now in. But I am amazed, added she, that when I told him your Name he did not seem to know you. You shall hear the Reason presently, said the Chevalier, smiling; saying these Words he entered the Marquis's Chamber, and was greatly surprized to find a Man he was an utter Stranger to.

Your Name has led me into a Mistake, Sir, said he to him, I thought the Person who bore it, was a Friend I greatly longed to embrace. Pardon, therefore, my Error, and be pleased to accept my greatest Acknowledgements for the kind Assistance I have received here, by your Orders, as well as those of this Lady, said he, looking on *Lucy*.

I have so much the greater Satisfaction in having obliged you, said the Marquis, with an Air of Sullenness, as it was doubtless my Cousin that had the Honour to be your Friend. But he has been dead sometime.

Dead! cried, Mr. *de Grafford*, how grieved am I at the loss of him! The Chevalier then going on to speak in his Commendation in Terms full of Sense and expressive of his great Sorrow, was interrupted by the Marquis, who very rudely

rudely told him, your Regret, Sir, seems to me a little unseasonable, the Man who was so dear to you is no more, and to talk to me any longer about him, considering the Condition I am in, is very irksome to me.

The Chevalier returned no Answer to this Incivility, and went out soon after with *Lucy*, to whom he could not help observing the great Difference he found between this Man and the Gentleman he had been acquainted with. And she owned there was not the least Resemblance in their Characters.

The next Day she came from Mr. *de Blesemont* to make Excuses for him, and threw all the Fault of his Ill-humour on the Gout, which put him to extreme Pain. She also desired him, as from herself, to make some stay at *Beautros*. The Chevalier, out of Regard to her Entreaty, assured her he would stay there with Pleasure, and that only, on her Account. *Lucy*, delighted with this Declaration, which she thought still more obliging than it really was, took his Hand, and squeezed it, and at the same time giving him a look, which was by no Means equivocal, she thanked him for the Answer he had made her, in such plain and

significant Terms, as quite put him out of Countenance.

When he was alone, he reflected upon the Character of the Uncle and the Niece, and did not like the Behaviour of either of them; however, considering the Obligations he had to them, he thought it would be wrong to Hurry away, he therefore consented, at *Lucy's* Intercession, to stay eight Days longer at the Castle; a Time which seemed to him insupportably long.

Lucy seldom left him, and made such open Advances, that he could not pretend not to observe them, tho' he was resolved to give them no Countenance. He rarely saw *Mr. de Blefmont*, who was still troubled with the Gout, and passed almost whole Days at the Pavillion, to *Julia's* great regret. That Lady had learned from him, that the incognito, whose Life she had saved, was not yet gone away, that he was in Love with *Lucy*, and staid at the Castle only on her Account.

The sudden Inclination he had taken to that Girl, did not give *Julia* a very advantageous Idea of him, however, she would have been very glad to have seen him, but it was impossible, the Marquis not suffering her to stir out of her Apartment,

ment, the Windows whereof looked towards the Sea, and not a Soul but himself being allow'd to set a foot in the Pavilion.

C H A P. XVII.

*Foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them.*

SHAKESPEAR.

MR. *de Grafford* had been already seven Days at *Beautros*, he was desirous of going away, but knew not how to break his Design to *Lucy*, being apprehensive she would oppose his Departure.

He was musing in his Chamber on the Means he should use to obtain leave, when he heard somebody speaking in the next Room, in a Tone that drew him out of his Reverie. He listened, and found it was *Lucy's* Voice. His Name, which he heard mentioned, excited in him a Curiosity that was not natural to him. He approached the Corner of his Chamber by the side of the Chimney, where formerly had been a Door, which was then fastened up, and looking through the Key-hole, he saw *Lucy*, who seemed very ear-

nest in Discourse with Mr. *de Blefemont's* Black, and he overheard her say to him, mean-spirited Wretch, and dost thou refuse the ample Fortune I offer thee? Consider, that by depriving the Marquis and Marchioness of Life, we shall be Masters of all the Riches here. The one is a Monster who does not deserve to see the Light, and the other languishes out her Days, in a manner, a thousand Times more terrible than Death itself: Thou should'st therefore, put off all Compassion for them. I have artfully possessed myself of the Master-Keys of this Castle, therefore thou wilt not run the least risque; for several Days we may conceal their Deaths, and shall have full time enough to embark with the Marquis's best Effects. The Chevalier will doubtless second us, and will surely shew me less Indifference, when I can offer him such considerable Riches. He is too amiable to be ungrateful, I love him even to madness, and as I have Reason now, not to think him so rich as I at first imagined, the Possession of my Person, and of the Treasure I shall put into his Hands, will certainly produce on him the expected Effects.

As to the rest, my dear *Selim*, continued she, embracing him, *Lucy* will always give thee a Share of her choicest Favours, and my Passion for another, will never prevent me from considering thee as my most faithful Friend.

After this Discourse, the Negro stood a few Moments, doubtful what to do, but in the end, that detestable Woman fixed him. He left her, promising that before the Night was over, she should be satisfied.

Mr. *de Grafford*, struck with Horror at what he had just overheard, resolved to prevent its being put in Execution. He attempted to go out immediately to secure *Selim*, but in trying to open the Door softly, he so hampered the Lock, that he was for some time detained; at last he got the Door open, went down Stairs, and sought after the Black in the Room where he lay. Not finding him there, he directly returned to listen if they were not in *Lucy's* Chamber. The Door of the Room being a-jar, he pushed it open, and entered with a Design to inform those wicked Wretches, that he had discovered their Plot, and would have them punished for it, if they refused to give him up all

the Keys of the Castle, and be gone from it instantly.

But finding no person there, he crossed a Range of Apartments, which led to the Marquis's Room, where he was ready to enter, when he saw *Lucy* coming out, holding in one Hand, a dark Lanthorn, and in the other, a Knife, reeking with Blood.

Whence comest thou, vile Wretch, said the Chevalier, and what hast thou been doing? I have this Moment, replied she, with amazing Coolness and Composure, struck a Blow, which will enable you to return rich to your own Country, provided you will consent to take me with you. I am Mistress of the Marquis's Strong-Box, and of several other valuable Effects, accept them with my Heart, added she, throwing away her Knife, and attempting to embrace him. Wicked Woman, said he (leaving her to go to the Assistance of Mr. *de Blefemont*, if he was not past any) thou hast nothing to expect from me, but the Punishment due to thy Crimes. Saying these Words, he entered the Room and found the Marquis bathed in his Blood.

This Spectacle filled him with Terror. He opened a Window, and called for help.
The

The Gardiner heard him, and instantly came up with the other Servants, and all approached their Master, who shewed no Signs of Life. The Chevalier, who found he was not dead, caused his Wounds, which were very numerous, to be bound up, and ordered they should go directly for a Surgeon.

Whilst these Things passed, *Lucy* was providing for her Escape. The manner in which the Chevalier treated her Offers, had fully convinced her she must not hope for the Return, she had flattered herself he would make her. The Hurry and Confusion the whole Family were thrown into by the Marquis's Condition, gave her Time to load herself, as well as the Black, with as much Money as they could lay their Hands on, and of getting out of the Castle unobserved. The Chevalier was greatly vexed at their Escape, and ordered the Servants to go immediately in pursuit of them, but they had so cautiously concealed themselves, that their utmost Endeavours to find them, proved ineffectual.

The Chevalier *de Grafford* having done his utmost to take care of Mr. *de Blesemont*, recollected, that *Lucy*, in her Conversation with *Selim*, had resolved to take
away

away the Life of a Woman, who she said was kept a Prisoner. He enquired therefore, if there was any such Woman in the Castle? He was told the Marchioness was in the Pavillion, and was farther informed, that it was to her he was obliged, that an End had not been put to his Life, by throwing him again into the Sea.

The Chevalier directly flew to the Pavillion, and, the first Object that offered to his View at his Entrance, was the dead Body of the Country Girl, who had been appointed to wait on *Julia*. That Prospect was a Prefage to him of other Misfortunes. To remedy them, if possible, he went on to *Julia's* Chamber, and found her stretched out in an Elbow-Chair, and the Situation she was in, as well as the deadly Paleness that covered her Countenance, made him conjecture she was deprived of Life.

The Stranger seemed amazed at the Sight of her, he approached her trembling, lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and several times sighed very deeply, but soon observing with great Joy, that she was not dead, she breathes, said he, to the Persons that stood round him, let us endeavour to bring her to her Senses!

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As there was no Blood shed in the Pavillion, and as the dead Person did not appear to have the least Wound, and as her Face was black, and her Features greatly distorted, Mr. *de Grafford* concluded she had been poisoned, as well as the Marchioness, for which Reason he gave to the latter an Antidote, which they found in Mr. *de Blesemont's* Cloiet. It produced as good an Effect as they could desire, and *Julia*, after the most violent Reachings, threw up the whole Drug, that had so nearly deprived her of Life. Happily for her, the cruel *Selim* had not given her so strong a Dose, as he had given to the Girl who attended her.

Though the Cause of the Mischief was entirely removed, yet she had a Heaviness left that greatly disquieted the officious Stranger. He went out to give the Gardiner's Wife and Daughter, an Opportunity of putting her to bed, and in that Interval he returned to the Marquis. The Surgeon, whom he found there, had just searched his Wounds, and put on the first Dressing, and he assured the Chevalier, the Wounds Mr. *de Blesemont* had received, were mortal, and that he could not survive many Days; and thinking it his Duty, he also acquainted Mr.

Mr. *de Blefemont* with it, that he might prepare to settle both his temporal and spiritual Affairs. The Marquis at this Intelligence, flew into the greatest Rage. He treated him as an ignorant Man in his Profession, and gave him a thousand Curses, as if he had been the Cause of what had happened to him. He ordered another Surgeon to be sent for, and would not so much as bear the mention of either Confessor or Sacraments.

His Weakness did not prevent him from enquiring after *Julia*, and being told she was poisoned, so much the better, said he, it is not right she should live if I must die. But, as they added that the Antidote had got the better of the Poison, he bid them bring her to his Chamber. But the weak Condition she was in, prevented them from executing his Orders. The Surgeon visited her, and gave her some Powders which recovered her from her Heaviness. He found she had a little Fever, but said it would not last long, and that in a few Hours she would be able to get up.

C H A P. XVIII.

*She never told her love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her Damask Cheek.*

SHAKESPEAR.

AFTER the Departure of the Surgeon, Mr. *de Grafford* went into *Julia's* Room, sat down on her Bed-side, and attentively viewed the fair distressed one, who, the Instant she opened her Eyes, cried out, what do I see? Is it a Dream? Can you be the Count *de Zilman*? Scarce had she uttered those Words, when the Paleness that had be-spread her Countenance, gave place to a most Rosy-Blush, and which was succeeded by a new Paleness, accompanied with the greatest trembling.

The Count *de Zilman*, for it was he, fearing he had caused her too great an Emotion, said to her, take Courage, Madam, I am no Apparition, it was me you saw disguised in the Habit of a Benedictine; and it was I, that being reduced to the utmost Despair, made an Attempt upon my Life, but which a Friend took Care to preserve, and concealed me in his Convent, till the Recovery of my Health
and

and Strength. By his sage Councils, he calmed my Grief, and compelled me to fly from a false Woman, whom I could not abandon without the greatest Regret.

About three Weeks ago, I embarked with a View to dissipate my Grief, by travelling: A flat Calm made our Ship lie inactive in the Water, and was followed by a Storm, which destroyed the Vessel, and the Persons that belonged to her; and I believe I am the only one that escaped, from that dismal Shipwreck. I have just now been informed, Madam, that I am beholden to you, for not undergoing the Fate of my Companions. Perhaps I might have been so unreasonable as to have upbraided you, for having snatched me from the Hands of Death, whose Approach I saw with Pleasure, if the prolonging my Days, had not been, in some kind, instrumental in preserving your Life.

I flew to your Relief, without knowing you were the same Lady, for whom I procured an Asylum, at *Madam de Selnacs*. Judge then, how great was my Surprise and Joy, when I knew you again, and found you shewed Signs of Life! I did not at all wonder to see you in a Dress so very different from what you wore, when I had the Happiness the first Time to
see

see you, since I always imagined, that Habit was only a Disguise, which private Reasons induced you to put on. How greatly I pity you, Madam (cried he, sighing, and viewing her more earnestly) if Love has been the Cause of your Misfortunes. If that *be* the Cause, may it please Heaven, one Day, to make you compleatly happy.

I have not any Knowledge of Love, but thro' the Misery it has brought on several Persons who are dear to me, answered *Julia* (her Face again o'erspread with Blushes) nor have I any Desire to know it otherwise. However that may be, I thank you, for your good Wishes, and am infinitely obliged to you for the Care you have taken of my Life. My present Weakness prevents me from fully expressing the lively and grateful Sense I entertain on that Account; all I can say, is, that I hope immediately to take one Step, towards acquitting myself of the Obligations I lie under to you, by delivering up some Papers of Consequence, that belong to you; and adding to them, the Ring you so earnestly sued for, and which I refused to give you, only thro' Fear it was not yours. The Count *de Zilman* had but just Time to tell her, he had not the same
Value

Value for the Ring now, as at that Time, the Gardiner's Wife intreating him to withdraw, that her Mistress might be kept still and quiet, the rest of the Night, as the Surgeon had ordered. *Julia* remained buried in Thought: How little did she sleep, whilst she was alone! The Condition Mr. *de Blesemont* was now in, the fresh Sufferings she might expect to undergo, if he recovered of his Wounds, the Danger she had been exposed to by *Lucy's* Wickedness, all these Things, one would suppose, might have quite filled her Imagination: And yet these were scarce in her Mind; other Thoughts affected her more nearly. Her Mind was wholly taken up with the Count *de Zilman*. From the very Moment she first saw him, he had made Impressions on her Soul, which she had never before been sensible of. The Idea she had of his Death, had occasioned a Grief, which she had concealed from the whole World; she had carefully preserved his Picture, and had never passed a Day without several times viewing it, and bestowing some Tears on the unhappy Fate of him it represented. She had given herself up with the more Freedom to the Pleasure of thinking of him, as she concluded he was dead; and was persuaded she

she might, without a Crime, love a Man who was no more. A thousand times had she called to Remembrance, all she had heard Madam *de Mouville* relate, touching his Passion for her. A thousand times had she sighed, that the Count did not know her, e'er he had known Mademoiselle *de Selnac*, that he had not so loved her, and that he had not been chosen for her Husband, by the Countess her Mother. One may easily imagine, therefore, what she felt at seeing him again; but not comprehend all the Disquietude that succeeded her Joy on that Account.

She was afraid lest her Looks, or some of her Actions, should betray her Sentiments for the Count *de Zilman*; she was persuaded he still loved Madam *de Mouville*, as the last Proof he had given her of his Love, was too great to be doubted of; but, even, tho' she could have believed him capable of forgetting his former Passion, out of a Regard to her, yet she could not think, she had any Right to dispose of her Heart, since she was not Mistress of her Hand. She therefore came to a Resolution, to keep to herself a tender Affection, which she could not possibly banish from her Breast. That Resolution appeared to her as painful, as the Execution

tion of it seemed difficult. She once more viewed the Ring, in which the Count was portrayed, and with Sorrow reflected, that she had promised to restore it to him. And indeed one Circumstance greatly perplexed her; for she had effaced the Picture of *Madam de Mouville*, and had wrote in the Room of it, *Another SHE better deserves the Place*. She was afraid, that by returning to the Count that Ring, in which the Lineaments of her he loved, no longer appeared, he would discover the Mystery of it; for which Reason, she determined to keep it at all Events, and to say, when she restored the Papers, that she had mislaid it.

C H A P. XIX.

*How just is Providence in all its Works ?
How swift to overtake us in our Crimes ?*

LANSDOWNE.

IT was seven o'clock in the Morning, and *Julia* had slept but very little, when the Gardiner brought her a Letter, which had been privately put into his Hands; she took it, and had no sooner cast her Eyes on the Writing, than she became pale and trembling. Heavens! said she
to

to herself, how exactly does this resemble the Marquis *de Blesemont's* Hand! Is it possible it should be any other's? She opened the Letter with an Emotion she could not contain, and read these Words:

‘**H**OW great soever may be your Surprise in reading this Letter, my dearest *Julia*, it surely will not equal the Amazement you would have been under at the Sight of a Man you must have supposed to be dead. It was the Fear, therefore, of terrifying you, which made me prefer Writing, to the Pleasure of seeing you. It is that Apprehension which now prevents me from being with you, in order to inform you of all that has happened to me, and to know from your dear Lips, whether you still preserve that Regard and Friendship, you often kindly said, you entertained for me. You will see me instantly, and I am about to free you from the Slavery which the barbarous Chevalier has forced you into. Conceal from him my Arrival, it is absolutely necessary he should be a Stranger to it. Adieu, my dearest *Julia*; I burn with the greatest Impatience to assure you, that no one loves you so sincerely as

The Marquis DE BLESEMONT.’

Julia

Julia read the Letter several times, and at first imagined that some Person, to impose upon her, had imitated the Marquis's Writing. After having thoroughly examined it, she compared it with the last she had received from him, and could not find the least Difference between them, so that she no longer doubted it was his Hand. How, said she, could he possibly recover from the Condition which *Lyonnois* told me he saw him in? But what is this Moment passing in my Breast? He is not dead; I have the greatest Esteem for him; he still loves me, and is preparing to break the Chains of my present Bondage; yet still I find a cruel Grief has invaded and got the Mastery of my Soul. I ought to have felt Excess of Joy at the Thoughts I soon should see him again; but far from wishing his Arrival, I fear it. How greatly do I deserve Compassion for being so much changed from what I was at *Blesfemont*! With these Reflections she arose; and the Moment she had dressed herself, the Count came to inform her that Mr. *de Blesfemont* was obstinately bent on getting up, and coming to see her, if she delayed a Moment going to his Apartment. *Julia* said she would the more readily condescend for this time, as it would be probably the last;

last ; and, speaking in a lower Voice, the Marquis *de Blefemont*, whom you know, is not dead, said she to him, so that you will again see that Friend you have so greatly regretted ; he will be here in a very short time.

How agreeably do you surprise me, Madam, by this good News, answered the Count, but may I take the Liberty to ask by what means you heard it ? From himself, said *Julia*, shewing him the Letter which she had folded up ; see if that is not his Writing : The Count, having taken the Letter, and examined it very nicely, agreed it was his.

As he may reproach me for not having yet restored to you the Deposite he put into my Hands, I will do it now, continued *Julia*, giving him the Papers that belonged to him, and which she had in her Pocket : Here, Sir, added she, not daring to look at him, I return to you all you trusted to the Care of the Marquis *de Blefemont*, except the Ring, which, doubtless, I have mislaid, for I cannot possibly find it.

The Count thanked her, and said, that as he had not the same Regard for the Ring now as formerly, he desired she would give herself no further Uneasiness about it. Luckily for her, a Servant entered

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tered with a Message from his Master, desiring her Presence, otherwise her Confusion would have been but too visible.

The Count *de Zilman* offered his Hand to conduct her to the Marquis's Chamber. As she was extremely feeble, she accepted it by way of Support, but not without some Emotion. Mr. *de Blefemont* no sooner saw her, than he burst out into Reproaches against her, for her great Indifference, in not so much as coming to enquire after his Health, when *Julia* modestly excused herself, on account of her own dangerous Condition. You have had a very lucky Escape, Madam, said he, and I am afraid I shall not come off so well. But, my Comfort is, that if I must die, my Death will be full as fatal to you as to me. As he ended these Words, a Servant entered in a great Fright, and told them that several Gentlemen, well armed, one of whom called himself Marquis of *Blefemont*, had demanded Admittance to *Beautros*, in the King's Name; that the Draw-bridges being down, they had not been able to prevent them, and they were just at his Heels. The Count *de Zilman* went to meet them, and Mr. *de Blefemont*, whom we shall again call the Chevalier, not comprehending the meaning of this strange Adventure,

Adventure, forbid their being suffered to enter his Chamber; but they came in that Moment.

The oldest of those Gentlemen was readily known by *Julia* to be the Marquis *de Blefemont*, and, though she was apprised of his coming, she could not help trembling at seeing him again. However, she gave him her Hand, which he kissed with infinite Respect: And, as her Looks happened that very Instant to encounter those of the Count *de Zilman*, she blushed, and declined her Eyes to the Ground.

The Marquis then approached the Chevalier's Bed, and, having learned from the Count the Accident that had befallen him, would not, in his present Situation, make known his whole Resentment. He contented himself with saying, in a very cold manner, You see before you, Sir, a Man whom you thought dead, and I flatter myself that the Sight of him will give you no Pain, since he comes here only to assure you, he will readily forget all that is past. Answer me then, continued he, seeing that he cast a wild and fierce Look at him, without speaking a Word, answer, and tell me if I may expect the Happiness to find, that the Resentment

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which you have so wrongfully entertained against me, is now at an End?

My Cousin is dead, answered the Chevalier, and either you are an Impostor, or his Apparition. I am neither the one nor the other, said the Marquis, and to convince you of it, I need only give you a Relation of what happened to me at *Blesmont*, and the other Places I have since been at.

But you are not in a Condition to hear the Story; therefore only examine my Looks, my Features, and the Tone of my Voice, and you will find I do not impose upon you. The Chevalier then fixing his Eyes upon him: I know you, said he, with an Utterance that plainly denoted the Agitation he was under, you are, doubtless come to resume your Estate, and the Wife who was destined for you, than which nothing can be more reasonable. For my part I am about to die; may you live happy together; bury my Crimes in Oblivion, and forgive them; and to put it past all doubt, do you and *Julia* come and take a last Farewel of me, and accept a Present I am desirous to make you.

The Marquis came nearer the Bed, and prevailed on the fearful *Julia* to do the like. Come a little nearer, said the Chevalier,

valier, and give me a Casket which is under my Bed. The Marquis having given it him, the Chevalier used his utmost Efforts to sit up, and seemed to be sincerely moved at his sad Condition, when snatching out of the Casket a double barr'd Pistol, loaded with Balls, he suddenly fired it at them both.

At the Report of the Pistol, the Count *de Zilman*, and all that were in the Chamber, ran to support the Marquis and *Julia*, who staggered through the Fright the Barbarity of the Action had put them into.

I have missed my Aim, cried the Chevalier, and shall die the most enraged of all Mankind. Uttering these Words, and many others his Fury suggested, which cannot be repeated without Horror, he fell into such violent Convulsions, that they deprived him of Life, and delivered the Earth from the greatest Monster it had ever borne.

The Marquis *de Blefemont*, with his Friends, immediately left the Chevalier's Chamber, and repaired to the Pavillion, where they congratulated *Julia* (who was not yet recovered from her Fright) of being at last freed from the Persecutions of that wicked Man. She was soon after conducted to her Bed-chamber by the

Gardiner's Wife, who was ordered to attend her.

Whilst she was undressing, the Marquis went and gave Orders about the Disposal of the Chevalier's Body. He took with him the Count de *Zilman*, to whom he shewed the highest Favour and Affection, and gave him a short Account of what had passed between *Julia* and himself till the Moment of their Parting. His Friends walked in the Park till Things were a little quieter. The Count de *Zilman* attentively listened to what the Marquis related to him, and congratulated him upon the Happiness he was about to enjoy, in being united to a young Lady, so beautiful and virtuous as was the Daughter of the Countess de *Salens*. My dear Marquis, said he, you will be more blessed than any Man in the World, and you deserve it. For me, I have nothing to do but to drag on a tedious melancholy Life, in some obscure Corner of the Earth, where I may conceal myself from the Eyes of all Mankind. The Marquis, to whom the Count had, in few Words, told his Misfortunes, did not approve his Design of quitting *France*, and at last prevailed on him to stay, at least, some time longer. He assured him, that though he had not yet

yet obtained his Pardon, he doubted not, but by means of his Application, and the Interest he had made, he should be able to procure it; and, in the mean time, my dear Friend, continued he, you may reside in this Castle; and, though it be but in very indifferent Condition, it will be a sure Refuge for you, and I will take care you shall want for nothing. The Count thanked him, and accepted of his Offer. The Marquis then asked him to go with him to *Julia*, concerning whose Health he had several times sent to enquire. No, said the Count, pray excuse me from waiting on you, it is right, that after having been separated from her by so many singular Events, you should enjoy the Pleasure of an uninterrupted Conversation with her. I will go, in the mean time, and walk by the Sea-side, in Hopes a little to dissipate a Melancholy, which must needs be troublesome to all I am with. The Marquis did not press him further, and went alone to *Julia*, who, having found herself much better, was already got up.

The Marquis, after having expressed the Joy he felt to see her again, said to her, the Dutches of *****, my Relation, having been informed by Mr. *de Mouville*, of the Injuries you had sustained,

gave me an Account of them ; I arrived at *Paris*, at the very time she had just obtained his Majesty's Order to rescue you out of the Power of the most barbarous of Mankind. I waited on her, and told her the Story of my Misfortunes, which she seemed moved at, and introduced me to the King. His Majesty was so good as to tell me he pitied my Condition, and would make me happy by uniting us together ; that he would give Orders to seize the Chevalier, and that after having been tried, he should be privately executed.

Moved at the Fate of that miserable Wretch, I threw myself at his Majesty's Feet, and intreated he would pardon the Chevalier. But all I could obtain in his Favour, was, that he should be confined the rest of his Life in the Bastile. The *Lettre de Cachet* being made out, I earnestly begged that the King's Order, for executing it, might be deferred till after I should bring you from *Beautros*, which was granted me. They offered to lend me the Aid of the Magistrate, but I declined accepting any other Assistance than some of my Friends, who in the most handsom Manner, offered to accompany me. We accordingly set out
from

from *Paris*, and to prepare you for the Sight of me, I this Morning wrote the Letter you received. The Dutcheſs of *****, who was deſirous to accompany us, is left with her Woman and our Equipage, at a neighbouring Caſtle, where ſhe impatiently waits to have an Account of you; one of my Friends is gone to inform her of what has paſſed, and will conduct her hither, about the cloſe of the Day. This, my dear *Julia*, continued the Marquis, is the preſent Situation of Things; and nothing remains but to tell you, how it has fallen out, that you now ſee me again.

I make no doubt but *Lyonnois*, that treacherous Servant, who delivered to you my Letter, informed you, that he ſaw me breathe my laſt. And indeed, I fell into ſo profound a Lethargy, that both he and the Chevalier, were deceived by it. It was not long before they ordered me to be conveyed to the Pariſh-Church, where I was interred with very little Ceremony. Happily the Grave-Digger was under ſome Obligations to me; he reflected on the manner in which my Funeral had been hurried up, and the great Precaution that had been taken to prevent my being ſeen, after my ſuppoſed Death.

These Circumstances, gave him the greater Suspicion, as he had a very bad Opinion of the Chevalier, and made him resolve to take me up again, that very Night. And entering the Church, of which he had the Keys, he, assisted by his Son, took me out of the Coffin, and saw, with great Satisfaction, that I still shewed some Signs of Life. They privately removed me to their House, and the Son without loss of Time, went to fetch a Relation of his, who was a Surgeon, and lived about half a League off. Upon viewing my Body, he assured them I had been poisoned; and after having given me some proper Medicines, he told my Host he hoped he could cure me, but that my Recovery would be a Work of Time. The Grave-Digger, encouraged at this good News, prevailed on his Nephew to let me be conveyed to his own House, that the Chevalier, whose Malice and Wickedness made him tremble, might not discover an Adventure, it was so much his Interest to conceal from him. I was therefore carried under cover of the Night, to a little House, which was inhabited only by him and his Wife, where I continued two full Months, struggling between Life and Death. At last, through Means of
the

the great Care taken of me, my Health was infinitely mended. I was then informed of the Chevalier's Villainy, of the Perfidy of *Lyonnois*, of your being forcibly taken away, and of the base Treatment you met with at *Beautros*. I would have let my Friends know where I was, but my Surgeon opposed it, and advised me to stay till my Health was quite re-established. I complied, and so soon as I was able, I came to *Paris*.

I enquired what was become of the Countess *de Salens*, but notwithstanding the diligent Search I made, I could not find out the Place of her Abode. I then waited on the Dutchess of *****, and acted as I have already told you. Grant Heaven, my dear *Julia* (continued he, kissing her Hand) that after so many Misfortunes, it may be in my Power, to make you the happiest of your Sex! *Julia* reply'd, to the tender and obliging Expressions, made use of by the Marquis, in such a Manner that charmed him. As he had inspired her with real Sentiments of Esteem and Friendship, her Answer was the true Language of her Heart. She added, that the Countess's Behaviour grieved her much, but that it did not make her forget the Duty she owed her: Nothing can

equal my Affliction, continued she, when I reflect that she is not to be heard of, and that not any of her Friends know the Place she is retired to. She concluded, with briefly relating her Sister's Adventures, to the Marquis, who testified great Joy, at the hearing of the Return of that amiable young Lady, and was enraged at the Countess's Behaviour. They were about to continue their Conversation, when the Gardiner's Wife, who was looking out of the Window, informed them, that the Dutcheſs of ***** was arrived. *Julia* went down to wait on her, and after having received from her a thousand Marks of Kindness, conducted her to the Pavilion, where the Marquis took Care to procure her, all the Conveniences that *Beautros* could afford. The Count *de Zilman* did not chuse to come into her Presence, by Reason she was a Relation of the late Mr. *dé Barcel*, and therefore, during the two Days she continued at *Beautros*, he either staid in his Chamber, or walked in the most retired Places in the Park. *Julia*, who often saw him there, used to say, with a Sigh, and must I then be so soon deprived of the Pleasure of seeing you? How hard is my Fate, that has doomed me to be united to another!

C H A P.

C H A P. XX.

*And yet of Marriage Bands I'm weary grown;
Love scorns all Ties but those that are his own:
Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasy prove,
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love.*

DRYDEN.

THE Marquis's Presence being now no longer necessary at *Beautros*, he resolved to set out the next Day, he therefore went and took Leave of the Count, and assured him he should soon hear from him. The Count begged he would make his Excuses to *Julia*, whom he must part from without daring to see. The Marquis readily undertook the Commission, and early the next Morning, sat out with the Dutches, his Friends, and his beloved *Julia*.

That young Lady concealed, as carefully as she could, the Grief she felt in leaving that fatal Place. However, she was, for the whole Day, sad and thoughtful; the Marquis *de Blesemont*, and the Dutches, who perceived it, tenderly reproached her for it: She replied, her Mind had been so long wholly taken up with the Idea of her Sufferings, that Melancholy was become, as it were, familiar to her,
but

but hoped that Time, and their agreeable Company would soon wear it off.

On their Arrival at *Paris*, the Dutcheſs of ***** conducted her to her Houſe, treated her with the utmoſt Civility and Kindneſs, and procured for her, every Amuſement and Diverſion, capable of diſſipating her Melancholy, and re-eſta-bliſhing her Health : Mr. and Madam *de Mouville*, being apprized of her Arrival, came to pay her a Viſit. The Preſident's Lady repeatedly embraced her ; and *Julia*, after having given her Proofs of the moſt tender Friendſhip, gave her a circumſtan-tial Detail of her Journey to *Beautros*, and the Surprise ſhe felt, at the unexpected Sight of the Count *de Zilman*. Madam *de Mouville*, who thought he had been dead, wiſhed to talk with her, concerning that unhappy Lover ; but the Preſence of her Huſband, whom ſhe feared to make un-eaſy, prevented her from ſaying any Thing about him. The Preſident, who gueſſed at his Wife's Perplexity, asked many Queſtions himſelf, relating to the Count, and ſaid, he was extremely glad, to hear he had not loſt his Life ; and aſſured Ma-dam *de Mouville*, that being convinced of her Virtue and Affection, he was inacceſſible to the leaſt Jealouſy. That lovely
Woman

Woman thanked him for the Confidence he thought fit to place in her, and gave him her Word, she would never make an ill Use of it. Soon after, she said to *Julia*, aside, that tho' she sincerely and tenderly loved Mr. *de Mouville*, and was as certain, as any one could be, that she should always love him with equal Constancy, yet she would studiously avoid seeing the Count, if he returned to *Paris*. *Julia* highly commended her, for her virtuous Sentiments, but did not think fit to trust her with what passed in her own Breast, in the Count's Favour.

In the mean Time, *Julia*, who had a longing Desire to see *Felicia*, before the Conclusion of her Marriage with the Marquis, wrote to her, to come immediately to *Paris*, for that she had some Things, of the utmost Consequence, to impart to her; and, that besides, she was very desirous of knowing, from her own Mouth, what had happened to her, since their parting. That young Lady, unable to support the Weight of Affliction, which her Love occasioned, answered *Julia*, that she participated of her Happiness, like a tender loving Sister, but that her Grief and Misfortunes prevented her from appearing again in the World. That she had sought for an Asylum

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lum in the Convent, and being determined never to leave it, she entreated her to come and pass some Days there, when her Affairs would permit. This Answer greatly grieved *Julia*, who received it the Eve of her Marriage.

She had been introduced to the King, by the Dutches of *****. That Monarch, dazzled by the Lustre of her Charms, said a thousand gallant Things on her Beauty, and the Happiness the Marquis would enjoy in possessing her. The next Day the Ceremony of their Marriage was performed, in his Majesty's Chapel, and the King was pleased to honour it with his Presence. The Absence of the Countess *de Salens* might have proved an Obstacle to their Nuptials, had she not previously signed the Marriage-Contract, but that being done, it did not occasion the least Difficulty. The Marquis and Marchioness, received noble Presents from that Prince, and from the Dutches of *****. They intreated, their Adventures might not be made public, as they would inevitably throw the greatest Odium on the Chevalier's Memory, and sully the Reputation of the Countess *de Salens*. As soon as the Marriage-Rites were over, which was not till Midnight; the Bride and
Bride-

Bridegroom, accompanied with the Dutcheſs of *****, went directly to *Paris*, to the Marquis's Houſe.

The new Bride found there ſuch a number of Servants of all ſorts, as were proper for a Houſe like hers. The Dutcheſs of ***** conducted her to her Apartment, and having put her to Bed, withdrew. When they were alone, the Marquis viewing her, with great Attention, you are terrify'd my dear *Julia*, ſaid he, I ſee it by the Tears that are ready to flow from your fair Eyes: Am I then ſo unhappy as to inſpire you with Fear? Tell me candidly, I beſeech you; does not my Age fright you? I muſt confeſs it is not ſuitable to yours, and therefore it was rather to advance your Fortune, than with a View of troubling you with my Kindneſs and Embraces, that made me wiſh to unite our Deſtinies. Caſt off all Fear then, my dear *Julia*, for as your Advantage was the ſole Motive for my Love, do but place in me your whole Confidence, and favour me with your Friendſhip, and I ſhall be happy enough. And to convince you that I have no other Proſpect but your Contentment, I here give you my Word, that I will require no other Favours of you, than ſuch as a Brother may
ask

ask of a Sister. But let not what I say, said he, without giving her Time to reply, make you believe, that my Love for you is lukewarm and faint, Heaven is my Witness, that I love you with the greatest Ardour, and would sacrifice the best Part of my Life, for the Enjoyment of your Favours; but, I repeat it to you, that I will leave you as much at Liberty, as you were before our Marriage, till I shall find you have recovered that Ease and Satisfaction, you wore at *Blesmont* : And in the mean Time, I will resign to you, the Apartment we are now in, and take a seperate one for myself, which I can do, without occasioning disadvantageous Conjectures to be made upon it, as Custom authorizes such a Manner of Living. But for this Night, my dear *Julia*, continued he, I shall lie in the Tent-Bed, in your Closet; and how much soever I may suffer, in being so near you, without making the most of such a Blessing, I am firmly resolved not to approach you : Saying these Words, he embraced her, perceiving her covered with Confusion, and suddenly took his Leave, and retired to his Apartment.

On the Morrow, the Marchioness received a great number of Visits, and passed the following Days in Festivals and Diversions.

sions. She would have been the happiest Woman in the World, but for the Remembrance of the Count *de Zilman*, which, spight of her Resolves, perpetually haunted her. However, she hoped she should get rid of it in Time, and be able to bestow her whole Affections on a Husband, who so thoroughly deserved them, on Account of his many amiable Qualities, and the Pleasure he took in anticipating her every Wish.

The prodigious number of Visits the Marquis and Marchioness were obliged to receive and return, being over, they fate out, in order to see *Felicia*, and were accompanied by Mr. *de Mourville* and his Lady, who promised themselves the greatest Pleasure, in seeing that agreeable young Lady again. The Moment she heard of their Arrival, she flew to the Parlour, but even the Joy she felt, and the Sight of those she held in so much Estimation, was not able to dissipate a deadly Languor, that prevailed over her whole Countenance. Her Sister, and the Marquis, having embraced her, as cordially as they could, thro' the Grate, earnestly pressed her to go with them to *Paris*. You may, my dear *Felicia*, said the Marchioness to her, live full as retired at my House, as you do here, as
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no one shall presume to enter your Apartment, but such as you shall approve of: I shall then have the Satisfaction of seeing you, of participating your Griefs, and by every little Office of sisterly Love, endeavour to dispel the Care that now overwhelms you.

I have a livelier Sense than I can express, of the advantageous Offer made me by you, as well as by my Lord Marquis, replied the mournful *Felicia*, and wish, with all my Heart, I could accept your intended Favour; but, my dear Sister, continued she, dropping some Tears, notwithstanding your Kindness and Friendship, I must avoid Company, which I could by no means help seeing at your House. The great Satisfaction I should have to be with you, would not prevent me from being continually uneasy at the Constraint I must lay myself under to conceal my Grief. Suffer me then, in this Abode, to end my wretched Days, as I am less troubled here, than I should be in any other Place. My Mind, wholly taken up with my Misfortunes, can here indulge itself. Here, in my lonely Chamber, I can freely pour forth the Tears they make me shed. As my Aunt is so good as to leave me almost always alone, this is the
pro-

properest Place I can be in during my present Condition. I wish, added she, that Time, and the Example of those I am with, may inspire me with more Fortitude; but I have no great Hopes of it at present, my Misfortunes having made too deep an Impression, and the Idea of them, how painful soever it may be, is so dear to me, that I cannot even attempt to drive it from my Breast. Pity me, then, said she to her Sister, and *Madam de Meuville*, offering to each her Hand, and be assured, that notwithstanding the Design I have formed of forgetting the whole World, you will ever hold a Place in that Heart, whose Sensibility is the true and only Source of all its Sufferings.

Felicia having ended, all who were present were affected with the most lively Grief; they pitied her, and again endeavoured to prevail on her to change her Mind, but ineffectually; for her Resolution was fixed. The Marchioness, as it may be imagined, was more afflicted, on that Account, than the rest were, and was desirous of staying some Days at the Abbey, that she might, at least, have the Comfort of passing a few Moments with a Sister she so tenderly loved.

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There were several Rooms adjoining to the Convent, which, at the Request of *Felicia*, the Abbess granted them; where the former came, and consented to stay with them till their Departure. Her Sister and she had but one Chamber, and were delighted that they could converse together without Interruption. The Marchioness seized the first Opportunity to impart to *Felicia*, under the Seal of Secresy, the Impression which the Count *de Zilman* had made upon her. I love him, my dear *Felicia*, said she, and fear I shall never be able to cease loving him, spight of his Coldness to me, and spight of what I owe to the Marquis *de Blefemont*. Even the Esteem and Gratitude I bear to a Husband that adores me, cannot make me forget that the Count is the most charming of Mankind; I think of him without ceasing, and each Moment I feel the Increase of a Passion, the Continuance of which drives me to Despair. What would become of me if the Marquis knew the real Sentiments of my Heart? Could I stand the Shock of his just Reproaches? No, I should die with Grief.

I will therefore redouble my Care, I will make the most violent Efforts to tear from my Heart a Man who ought not to possess

possess the least Corner of it. I will fly from that Object whom I find too amiable for my Repose, and if I must see him, I will, at least, carefully conceal from him a Passion I wish I could hide, even from myself.

Felicia, who was greatly moved at this Declaration, embraced the Marchioness, and said, how much do I pity you, my dear Sister, if your Love for the Count equals mine for the Baron *de Granville*? And, how wretched are we both, that we dare not indulge the Satisfaction of loving the only Men that please us?

As she ended these Words, the Marquis came in, and found them so very sorrowful, that he asked the Cause of it. The short time my Sister and I have to stay together, said *Felicia*, has occasioned the Sadness you observed. If so, Madam, answered the Marquis, why are you so bent on continuing here, and leaving a Sister that loves you so dearly? Ah, *Felicia*, if your Affection for her equalled mine, you would make her easy, even at the Expence of your own Quiet.

It is very true, said *Felicia*, that I ought to make a more suitable Return to her than I do, for the Friendship she has for me; and I ought to accept the Offer you both have

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have made me, but I am not able to do it. I shall suffer more than I can express in parting with my Sister, and yet, considering my present Turn of Mind, I should be more unhappy in going with her.

The Marquis *de Blefemont*, with a view to comfort the Marchioness, assured her they would often take little Trips to the Abbey, in order to prevail on her Sister to change her Resolution, and that he hoped Time, and their Intreaties, would at last induce her to grant the Favour they requested. He then proposed a Walk, which they consented to, and joined Company with Mr. *de Mouville* and his Lady.

Those five Persons, after having passed seven or eight Days together, took their tender Leaves of *Felicia*, and set out for their respective Homes.

C H A P. XXI.

I love and fear to love.

SEWELL.

THE Marquis *de Blefemont* being arrived at *Paris*, his chief Care was to dissipate the Marchioness's Grief, and to solicit

sollicit a Pardon for the Count *de Zilman*, which he at length obtained, though with much Difficulty.

When he came to tell the Marchioness the News, she heard it without shewing the least Sign of Joy. The Marquis gently reproached her for her great Unconcern in a Matter which so nearly related to the Interest of the Count. And, as I do not know, continued he, a Person more worthy the Esteem of honest Men, I have, in the Letter I wrote him, desired he would accept of an Apartment at my House, during the Stay he intends to make at *Paris*.

I do not condemn the Opinion you have of the Count *de Zilman*, answered the Marchioness; I am persuaded he deserves it. But, added she, I cannot approve your Design of taking him into your own House. He is your Friend, and you will doubtless give him an Opportunity of being with us as often as he pleases. He is young, and the World is censorious.

The Marquis, now for the first time, yielded with Reluctance to the Reasons of the fair Marchioness. He then proposed to lodge the Count in a House that belonged to him, and which was not far from his own, which was readily agreed

to by the Marchioness, who thanked him for his obliging Condescension, being highly pleased that the Count was not to be so near her. She sometimes formed the Design of not seeing him: But how could she avoid a Man who had so strict a Friendship with the Marquis? Besides, she feared that by flying him with too much Care and Study, the World, and even her Husband, would at last discover the Reasons that obliged her to take such a Resolution, more particularly, if they considered she was indebted to him for her Life. She therefore resolved she would behave to him in the same manner as to the rest of the World, and, without shewing it, to make use of all Opportunities that offered, to avoid him; to assume a reserved and distant Air, when she should be obliged to speak to him, and to shew more Regard and Friendship for the Marquis than she had done before.

How difficult soever the Execution of these Resolves appeared to her, she hoped, through her Virtue, to surmount every Obstacle that might offer. One Evening, when she thought she had an admirable Strength of Mind, and that she could even see the Count *de Zilman* again, with as calm an Indifference as she could
any

any other Person, the Marquis de *Blesmont* brought him to her Closet. I am come to introduce my Friend to you, Madam, said he, and, independant of the Obligations you have to him, he is a Gentleman of such Character as merits your utmost Esteem. I leave him with you, and am convinced it will not be disagreeable to him. I must take my leave for a few Moments, to answer a Letter I have just received, and will return the Instant I have dispatched it.

He immediately went out and left the Count with the Marchioness, who was greatly confused at this unexpected Visit. However, she concealed, though with the greatest Difficulty, the Emotion she felt at his Presence.

After a few short Compliments were passed, the Count expressed his great Joy to find her perfectly happy, begged she would honour him with her Friendship, and permit him sometimes, to pay his Respects to her. The Marchioness, without daring to look up at him, was about to return an Answer, when Madam de *Mouville*, (who was going into the Country the next Day, and came to take her Leave of the Marchioness) entered the Room. What! the Count de *Zilman*

here, said she, blushing? Yes, Madam, said he, rising from his Seat, that very Man is here, whose Life your Inconstancy had near brought to an End, and who at last is resolved to fly you, as the most ungrateful of all Woman-kind.

In ending these Words, he respectfully bowed to the Marchioness, and left the Room. Madam *de Mouville*, who was put into a little Flutter by the Adventure, continued some Moments without speaking. The Marchioness found no Difficulty in keeping Silence also; however she first broke it. Come, said she to her Friend, confess that the Sight of the Count has caused you more Pleasure than Surprise, and that you now pity him more than ever you did.

I do pity him, to be sure, said Madam *de Mouville*, and will even own to you, that I am neither sorry to see him again, nor displeased that he still loves me: But yet I swear Mr. *de Mouville* is infinitely dear to me, and that the Sentiments of Love and Gratitude I owe to him, will always prevent me from making the least Return to the Count's Passion.

Take care you are not too sure, interrupted the Marchioness, the Sight of a Man who is amiable, true, and who has been

been once greatly beloved, often makes a terrible Havock in the Heart of the most virtuous Woman. Believe me, Flight is the safest Method; avoid the Count, therefore, my dear *Leonora*, continued she, embracing her, in order to hide the Blush which the Advice she gave had diffused over her whole Countenance. I will fly him then, answered she, but I could wish he did not think me inconstant, and that he knew the great Obligations I have to Mr. *de Mouville*.

Of what Signification is it to you, whether he knows it or not, said the Marchioness? She was about to continue, when they were interrupted by the Arrival of Company. They sat down to Cards, Madam *de Mouville* went away, and the Count *de Zilman* returned again soon after.

He accosted the Marchioness; and finding she had engaged the Company to go down into the Garden, offered her his Hand. The Marchioness did all in her Power to give the Conversation a Turn on general Subjects, but, spight of her Care, the Count found a Moment's Time to say to her, without being overheard; am I in the wrong, Madam, no longer to love Madam *de Mouville*? And ought I obsti-

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nately to pursue a Heart so fickle ; and of which she is no longer Mistress ?

Madam *de Mouville* is prudent, answered the Marchioness, she passionately loves her Husband, who is equally fond of her, these are Obstacles sufficiently discouraging : But in all Appearance, you now love her more than ever ; you doubtless think her full as charming, as when she was Mademoiselle *de Selnac*, therefore, I am of Opinion, you will not so easily break your Chains. I pity you, added she, dropping an involuntary Sigh, but cannot give you the least Advice.

However, Madam, replied the Count, I hope you will suffer me, sometimes, to talk to you, of that ungrateful Fair, to lay before you the present Sentiments of my Heart, as well as the Sentiments I formerly entertained for her, in order to convince you, that I did not deserve the being made a Sacrifice to the President. If you will condescend to give me the Hearing, methinks it will afford me some Consolation. I willingly grant your Request, answered the Marchioness, with a Smile ; but do you think to cure your Passion, by continually talking of it to me ? Alas ! I know not, said the Count, with a pensive Look, but I am sure I have a Pleasure in conversing with you, which I cannot express. Well then, said the Marchioness, I will not deprive you of that Pleasure, and will readily lend an Ear to your Complaints, provided you do not expect I should repeat them to Madam *de Mouville*.

No Madam, answered the Count, hastily, I will never ask any other Favour of you, than only

only to hear me hereafter, with the same Indulgence as you do at this Time. The Approach of the Marquis *de Blefemont*, and some other Persons, put an End to the Conversation, which the Marchioness was very glad of; and during the rest of the Evening, and for several Days following, she avoided having one of the same Kind with the Count, she having suffered too much, in hearing him speak of the Love he still seemed to bear to *Madam de Mouville*.

However, he so assiduously sought for an Opportunity, of speaking to her again, upon the same Subject, that he obtained it more than once. At which Time the Marchioness listened to him with inexpressible Patience and Chagreen; sometimes she pitied him, and sometimes she counselled him, to use his utmost Efforts to banish *Madam de Mouville* from his Heart. But, the next Moment she repented of it, fearing he should guess the Motive to her Advice.

He saw her every Day, but rarely found her alone. Such frequent Visits from the Count *de Zilman*, of which she fully perceived the Danger, gave her the greatest Uneasiness. She had no Hopes of his going away; the Friendship between him and the Marquis daily increasing, in so much that they were inseparable, and the Pleasures they did not enjoy together, seemed insipid to them.

One Evening, as they were returning from the Opera, they were so entangled with a Coach driving by, that the Marquis's was overturned. This Accident obliged the President *de Mouville*, and his Wife, to whom the Coach belonged, and

who were returning from the Country, to enquire if any Person was hurt: They were extremely sorry, when they saw it was the Marquis *de Blessenont's* Livery; who was scarce got out of his Coach, when they ran up to him, to enquire how he was, and express their Grief, to have been the innocent Cause of that unlucky Accident. The Marquis answered, that he was come off for a little Fright, but that the Count *de Zilman*, who was with him, had bruised his Arm, he feared, and was otherwise much hurt.

Mr. *de Mouville*, who had not, at first, seen the Count, accosted him, and in the most polite Manner, engaged him to get into his Coach with the Marquis, and go to his House, which was not far off, that they might procure him all necessary Assistance.

The Count, with equal Politeness, thanked him for his kind Offer, and Mr. *de Mouville* was so very pressing, that he could not avoid accepting it. When they were in the Coach, he seated himself over-against Madam *de Mouville*, and arriving at her House, he offered her his Hand, and followed her up to her Apartment, without saying a Word. Madam *de Mouville*, who was a little surprized at seeing him, was also quite silent, and soon after went into her Chamber, to leave them at Liberty to examine their Hurts, which they found to be little more than a few Scratches, occasioned by the breaking of the Coach-Glasses.

The Count *de Zilman*, who was excessively uneasy, at sight of the Man he had extremely hated, and the Woman he had most tenderly loved,

loved, made a Sign to the Marquis to get up and take Leave of the President and his Lady. Mr. *de Mouville* perceived it, came up to him, and taking him aside, to a Window which was open, am I so unhappy, Sir, said he to the Count, that you still entertain an implacable Hatred against me? I see you are uneasy at staying here, my Presence displeases you, the Sight of my Wife embarrasses you, and you secretly reproach her for having preferred me to you. I must confess, added he, without giving the Count room to interrupt him, that you are much more worthy of her than I am, tho' not on Account of the Love you bore her, but, for a thousand good Qualities, which procure you the Esteem and Friendship, of all who are so happy as to know you. Your Absence, some little Services I was so happy as to do for her, a constant and tender Affection, which was prior to yours, at last determined her to give me her Hand. And ought you to punish me for having accepted it, by refusing me your Friendship? No, Sir, I am sure, continued he, you are too equitable: Permit me then, to do all that lies in my Power, to gain your Esteem; consider Madam *de Mouville*, if possible, as a Person that does not deserve your Hatred, and if you cannot yet prevail on yourself to see her again, at least allow me to visit you sometimes, and to inspire you with more favourable Sentiments.

During this Time, Madam *de Mouville* was conversing with the Marquis *de Blefemont*, but did not lose a Word, of what passed between them. She imagined that the Count's Answer

would not be agreeable to her Husband's Wish, but she was mistaken. He thank'd him for the Honour he did him, and promised to wait upon him; and assured him, that notwithstanding the Inclination, he perhaps might not help having, for *Madam de Mouville*, he would be sure, never to say the least Word to her of it. That he would ever honour her, and content himself with being only her Friend, since, unhappily, he must not wish to be more. I have not so very good an Opinion of myself, said the President, with a Smile, not to be sensible, how dangerous it is to have such a Friend as you, but I too firmly rely on your Promise, and *Madam de Mouville's* Prudence, to be the least uneasy, at the Visits you will be pleased to pay her; and to shew, continued he, that I speak as I mean, I will go and desire her, to receive such as you will make her for the future.

Mr. de Mouville then approaching his Lady, in a pleasant Way, introduced the Count to her, as an Acquaintance he had just made. And the Count begged she would honour him with her Friendship, and Leave to visit her, (which he did with his usual Gracefulness, tho' under a little Confusion.) *Madam de Mouville*, astonished at what had passed, answered the Count in few Words, and was very glad at the Arrival of a Relation, which put an End to the Subject. The Marquis would have taken that Opportunity to go Home, but *Mr. de Mouville* earnestly pressed them to stay, and sup with him, and the more easily prevailed, as the Marchioness *de Blesemont* was gone to *Versailles* for a few Days.

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Other Company coming in, they sat down to Cards, between which, and Supper-time, the Count *de Zilman* appeared to be very penfive. He behaved, however, with great Civility, to Madam *de Mouville*, without being in the least particular, and spoke to her, just in the same Manner as he would have done to any Person, who was quite indifferent to him. And she, who viewed him, from Time to Time, found his Person to be the same, but saw no longer in him, that Count *de Zilman*, who had been formerly so tender, and so assiduous to please her. She could not, at first, conceive how he could bear the Sight of Mr. *de Mouville*, with such great Tranquillity. But she soon concluded, he no longer loved her; and her Self-love, was thereby cruelly mortified: For tho' she was Mistress of the most valuable Qualities in the World, yet was she tainted with a Foible common to her Sex, namely, an Unwillingness of parting with any of their Slaves, even those they have not the least Regard for. She loved Mr. *de Mouville* very sincerely, as I have already observed, and yet she could have been well pleased with the Count's Love, as she could not bear to find him capable of Consolation for the Loss of her. Some Sighs he had given vent to, and the melancholy Air she observed he wore, made her think he had not yet effectually broke his Chains. It was not her Fault, that she did not rivet them afresh, that very Night, for without shewing any Desire to please, she had neglected nothing which could make her look charming.

As it was late in the Evening, the Marquis *de Blefemont* told the Count, it was Time to leave Mr. and Madam *de Mouville* to their Repose, and they departed together, in the President's Coach. All the Way, the Count kept Silence, but when he came to the Marquis's Apartment, I scarce know myself, my dear Marquis, said he, when I reflect that I have just supped with my Rival; that I have promised him my Friendship, and that I could sit quietly with Madam *de Mouville*, without bestowing on her the least Reproach, and without bursting into a Rage, to see her in Possession of the Man, she has preferred before me. How this should be, I know not: Surely Indignation must have operated a very strange Alteration in me, and yet it has not put an End to my Passion; for each Moment I sigh involuntarily, and am affected with an extreme Melancholy: In short I love, and doubtless love the ungrateful *Leonora*, but she shall never have the Pleasure of hearing me confess it; and I find I have so much Power over myself, as to see her, without making the least Discovery to her, of what passes in my Breast. To Madam *de Blefemont* alone, will I disclose it, from whose sage Advice only, I can expect that Consolation, which her Friendship will induce her to give me.

She will return To-morrow, said the Marquis, and you may then tell your Grief: In the mean Time, dear Friend, let not Madam *de Mouville* disturb that Rest, you now stand in Need of: Time and Reason will disengage you from a Woman, who has probably forgot you. The Marquis then wishing him a good Night, the Count retired.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

*For Cupid's Scholars are more exquisite
In giving Council, than in using it.*

BROME.

THE Marchioness *de Blefemont* returned the next Day from *Versailles*. The Marquis not being at home when she arrived, and the Count being there, he offered her his Hand to help her out of the Coach, and to conduct her to her Apartment. I have a great deal to tell you, Madam, said he, with an Air of Satisfaction. Pray, what has happened to you, asked the Marchioness? I supped last Night, with the President *de Mouville*, answered the Count, who kindly invited me to his House, and I have reconciled matters with Madam *de Mouville*. This News made the Marchioness turn pale, who (turning away her Face, that he might not perceive the Confusion she was in) said, I wish you Joy of the Reconciliation, but must confess, that I very much disapprove of Madam *de Mouville's* Conduct, in permitting you to visit at her House. You love her still, and there was a time, when she had the same Sentiment for you; then, what does she imagine People will think, when they shall see you continually with her, and shall discover, as they doubtless will, your Affection for her?

No one, Madam, shall have it in their Power to make such a Discovery, said the Count, hastily, for I will conceal it from the whole
World,

World, even she herself shall be ignorant of it. She has sacrificed me to my Rival, whom she loves, and that is enough to make me forever silent. I would have her think me quite cured of the Impression her Charms have made in my Breast. I will see her, but with so great an Air of Indifference, as would deceive even you. And these are the only Means I have to be revenged of her.

But what will you do with respect to Mr. *de Mouville*, asked the Marchioness, can you look on him with Satisfaction? Will such a Frankness appear in your Behaviour, as ought to be conspicuous in the Intercourse of two Friends? And will you make him the Confidante of your Sufferings? What is become of that Jealousy, which has always been inseparable from Love? Alas! Madam, I know not, said the Count, after a Moment's Reflection, but, according to my present Sentiments, I may be sincerely Mr. *de Mouville's* Friend; and that it would be wrong to slight the Advances he has made me, and, were I in his Situation, I should have acted in the same manner as he has done.

You are become very considerate, indeed, replied the Marchioness, but I am afraid you will not long persist in these Sentiments. As she ended these Words, the Marquis entered the Room, and embraced her. A Moment afterwards, Madam *de Mouville* came in, whom the Count saw without the least Change of Countenance. They sat down to Cards, and he played both with her and the Marchioness, without drop-

dropping a single Word, that bore the least Relation to what had passed between them.

Cards being over, Madam de Mouville and the Marchioness, took a Walk together into the Garden, where the former soon turned the Conversation on the Count, and informed the Marchioness of her unexpected Meeting of him, and of every Circumstance that had followed. To which the Marchioness pretending to be quite a Stranger, artfully interrogated her, and then shewed herself greatly amazed, how the Count de Zilman and Mr. de Mouville, could think of visiting each other, and becoming Friends.

I am not so much surprized at Mr. de Mouville, as at the Count, answered the President's Lady, for the former knows me well enough to rely on my Virtue, and, the Assurances I daily make him of a never fading Love, are sufficient to put an end to every Suspicion, the Sight of his Rival might, otherwise, give birth to. Besides, he has a great Regard for the Count, and has been long desirous of contracting a Friendship with him. But, how the latter can bear to see me, in the Arms of a Man I love, is to me astonishing. He, who made an Attempt on his own Life, on hearing I was about to marry the President, how can he be contented with my Friendship, if he still loves me? Or, bear to be in my Company, without shewing me neither Love or Repentment?

I can say nothing to that, answered the Marchioness, but it is certain he has still a Passion for you. I will even confess he has imparted it
to.

to me as a great Secret, and I let you know it that you may be upon your guard. His affected Coldness need not seem extraordinary to you, for you know, that from the very beginning of your Acquaintance, you thought him more indifferent than he really was. He has certainly a Mind to try if you would be touched at the Loss of his Heart. And, that he may enjoy the Pleasure of seeing you with less Restraint, and without awakening Mr. *de Mouville*'s Suspicions, he doubtless puts on an Appearance of Ease and Tranquillity, which he will not be long able to keep up. Then you will be exposed to such Attempts, which will not fail to make you very uneasy. Mr. *de Mouville* may discover the Affair, be displeased at it, and expostulate with the Count, who probably may return him some rash Answer. And what the Consequence might be then, my dear *Leonora*, said the Marchioness, I tremble to think of.

You frighten me out of my Wits, replied Madam *de Mouville*, interrupting her, for Heaven's sake, have done with your fearful Predictions; and rather tell me what I must do to avoid such great Misfortunes. I have told you already, answered the Marchioness, you must shun the Count, and even intreat him to visit you no more; which he cannot take amiss of you. If I found I had the least Remains of Inclination for him, answered Madam *de Mouville*, I would follow your Advice; but as I am sure I have no more than a sincere Friendship for him, I see no Reason I should deprive myself of the Pleasure of sometimes seeing a Man, who is a

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very agreeable Companion, because he was formerly my Lover. No, no, my dear Marchioness, added she, laughing, I shall not avoid the Count, it would be a Proof that I am afraid of him. If he still loves me, and should presume to tell me so, the little Encouragement he will meet with from me, will incline him, of his own Accord, to shun me. If he no longer has a Passion for me, or if he loves me without intending I should know it, his Presence can give me no Pain. So that whatsoever his Sentiments may be, I shall have no room to fear; since I know Mr. *de Mouville* too well to imagine he will be jealous without a Cause.

If that be the Case, answered the Marchioness, e'en follow the Dictates of your own Reason. However, I beg you will be assured that the Advice I have offered you, flowed only from the Friendship I bear you.

And, indeed, the Marchioness had proposed nothing to Madam *de Mouville*, which she would not have done herself in the like Circumstances. After this Conversation they returned to the House.

Soon after the Marchioness ordered the Coach and Chariot to be got ready, in order to go to the *Cours* *. As she was to carry another Lady of her Acquaintance with her, the Count and the Marquis went together. During the whole Airing, the Marquis was in the pleasantest Humour imaginable; and as he was a Man of

* A Place near *Paris*, where People of Distinction take the Air in their Coaches, as the *English* Nobility used to do formerly at the Ring in *Hyde-Park*.

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great Wit, he found something to say of every one that passed by, which highly entertained the Count *de Zilman*, who congratulated him upon his Chearfulness, and said, he had never seen him in so good a Humour. I never had half the Reason to be so, answered the Marquis, and as you are so much my Friend, dear Count, I cannot hide from you the Cause of my Joy. I love Madam *de Blefemont*, as you know; but as I loved her for her own sake, and not for any selfish Views, I have not yet reaped the Benefit of those Favours she would, doubtless, have granted me, had I required them; but a certain kind of Niceness and Scruple, which took Possession of me the Moment I discovered that Air of Languor and Melancholy she so plainly shewed at the time I brought her from *Beautros*, made me resolve to leave her Mistress of her own Conduct, from the Instant she gave me her Hand, being unwilling to be indebted to her Complacency alone for a Favour, which, in my Opinion, loses all its Value unless it be the Gift of Love. I soon made known my Sentiments to her; she seemed concerned at my doubting of her Affection, and gave me Proofs of the most tender Friendship. Her Regard for me has augmented every Day, and though her Affability and Good-nature to the whole World is very great, yet I could never find, by the closest Observation, that she shewed more Satisfaction in the Company of any other Person than she has done in mine. The youngest and most agreeable Men have strove to please her, but have been unheeded by her. In short, so

prudent a Conduct, joined to her kind and endearing Language, have persuaded me that she loves me; and that Persuasion (which has confirmed my Felicity) has induced me to propose to her, our having but one Apartment for the future, which she readily consented to; and now, for the first time, I am to pass the Night with her. Judge you then, if I have ever had so much Reason to think myself happy!

You are blessed, indeed, said the Count, and you deserve it. After these few Words he reclined his Head against the Back of the Coach, and continued for some time silent. The Marquis perceiving him pale and pensive, asked what was the Matter with him? I find myself suddenly taken ill, answered the Count, and should be obliged to you if you would return home. With all my Heart, said the Marquis; but, methinks, you had better sup with us, Company may do you good, and if your present Indisposition should go off, as I hope it will, you must not deny me the Pleasure of passing the Evening with us. I am very much obliged to you, said the Count; but I have so grievous a head-ach, that I foresee I shall not be able to go into Company.

The Marquis pressed him no further, but carried him home, where he was soon after put to Bed, and the Marquis did not leave him till he was convinced it was only a slight Illness, which would be attended with no bad Consequences. He sent the same Night to enquire how he did, and was told he was a little better, and had no Fever. The Marchioness, who was very sorry
to

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to hear of his being ill, was glad to hear it was only a slight Indisposition, though she was not displeased to find that this little Ruffle of his Health had prevented him from keeping them Company that Night, particularly, as his Presence might have overturned all the Resolutions she had formed, of concealing from the Marquis, by an Appearance of chearfulness and Satisfaction, the Pain she felt at the Remembrance of the Promise she had made him.

The Pleasure the Marquis tasted in thinking himself really beloved by the Marchioness, did not prevent him from thinking of the Count. So soon as he was awake, he sent to know how he did, and the Servant was informed that he set out at break of Day, and had left a Letter for his Master. He therein informed the Marquis, that finding himself much better, he was going with the Duke de *****, who had sent for him to attend him to his Country-house. That he was very sorry he could not possibly wait on him before his Departure ; that he foresaw he should have a tiresome Time of it whilst he was there, but he hoped, however, that the Air of ****, where he was going, would agree better with him than that of *Paris*.

The Marquis de *Blesmont* was greatly grieved and surprised at the Count's precipitate Departure, but the Marchioness who was sincerely desirous of breaking off with him, was not sorry for his Absence, hoping it might put a Stop to the Progress of a Passion which alone disturbed the Quiet of her Life.

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The Count stayed away above a Month. That Time seemed an Age to the Marchioness; he was continually the Subject of her Thoughts, and yet continually did she think herself happy, in that she no longer saw him, and that she was not beloved by him. What would become of me, said she, if his Sentiments for me, were as warm as those he entertains for Madam *de Mouvill*? Spight of all the Care I could take in hiding mine from him, he would easily discover them, and thereby would think himself authorised to tell me of his Passion. I should forbid him from ever seeing me; he would not obey me; I should avoid him, and the Marquis, to whom I should not dare own the Truth, would himself compel me to entertain him. In short, I should be continually under a Necessity of guarding my Heart against all that could most delight me.

Such were the Reflections made by the Marchioness, which threw her into a grievous Sadness, but which she carefully concealed whenever she was in Company.

If her Passion, which she condemned, never afforded her any Rest, the Count *de Zilman* was not in a more easy Situation. The Secret which the Marquis had told him at the *Cours*, had unveiled Sentiments, he was, till that Moment, an utter Stranger to. The Thought of the approaching Happiness of the Marquis threw him into the greatest Disorder, and then he perceived, the Friendship he thought he entertained for the Marchioness, was, in reality a tender Love, a thou-

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thousand times more ardent than that he had felt for *Mademoiselle de Selnac*.

The Discovery of this new Passion, made him resolve to bid Adieu to *Paris* for ever, with a View to extinguish a Flame, which might in the Sequel, make him more and more unhappy. He set out therefore, not to accompany the Duke de *****, but to go into *Germany*, and from thence to *Sweden*. His Design was to write to the Marquis de *Blesmont* some time after his Departure, and to thank him for the Marks of Friendship he had bestowed on him. He proposed at the same time, to beg his Pardon for the Secret he had made of his Journey, and the Reasons that had obliged him to leave *France*, but he had not the Power to execute the Design he had formed. Scarce was he arrived at *Vien-na*, but he repented his having quitted *Paris*; His Fancy was continually representing to him the Marchioness de *Blesmont*, as the fairest, the gentlest, and most constant of her Sex, and whose Character much more nearly sympathized with his own, than that of *Madam de Mouville*. He revolved in his Mind, the many agreeable Moments he had passed with her, and could no longer deprive himself of the Happiness of seeing her again. In short, he returned to the Marquis's House, with as much Joy, as he felt Grief in going from it.

The Marquis was at *Versailles*, at the time Word was brought to *Madam de Blesmont*, that the Count de *Zilman* was come to wait on her, the Sight of whom, diffused a Blush over her Face, which she could not hide. How enchant-
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ingly fair did she that Moment appear to the Count, and how did his rebellious Tongue refuse its Office, when he would have spoke to her ! She perceived it without guessing the Cause, and to prevent her own Confusion being observed by the Count, she asked him what Diversion he had met with at the Duke de **** ? The Count was then sitting over against her, attentively viewing her, and his Mind was so full of the Happiness the Marquis enjoyed in the Possession of so accomplished a Woman, that he did not observe what she said to him, but continued gazing on her with equal Pleasure and Earnestness.

The Marchioness then casting her Eyes on him, they so exactly met his, that she in her Turn became speechless, and her Fears, that the Count might observe the Emotion she was under, obliged her to beg he would ring for one of her Women, to whom she said, she must give some Orders.

The Count, who knew that she frequently sent for them, only to stay with her when she was by herself, said, I beg, Madam, you will do me the Favour of a few Moments Conversation with you alone ; I have a thousand Things to say, which you only ought to hear. And what new Secrets pray have you now to impart to me, answered the Marchioness, assuming a serious Air ? A Lover, said the Count, has surely always something to speak of, and since you are so good as to afford me a Hearing, need you be surpris'd if I repeat it to you a thousand times, that I adore the most accomplished of all Woman-

mankind, and am the most unhappy Wretch in the World, both that she does not love me, and that I must see her in the Arms of my Rival? And can you, I say, think it extraordinary if I swear I will for ever love her, and if I lament my cruel Fate, which condemns my Love to Silence?

I should not be surpris'd to hear you say all these things to Madam de *Mourville*, interrupted the Marchioness: But what Advantage can you gain in saying them to me, who can only pity you? Ah! Madam, replied the Count, sighing, why cannot I express to you the great Pleasure I feel in conversing with you, and why must I not discover to you what passes in my Heart? You would then find, that though I have a most tender and sincere Passion, yet I am resolv'd never to trouble her with my Sufferings.

So then, I find, you have been pleas'd to make choice of me to tell your Complaints to, replied the Marchioness; the Preference is very desirable, I must needs own, and yet I cannot answer I shall be always in a Humour to listen to them, continued she smiling. Saying these Words she got up, in order to call one of her Women, and soon afterwards Company came in, as did also the Marquis, who received the Count with the greatest Affection. The latter could not get an Opportunity of speaking to the Marchioness all the rest of the Evening. He soon became more pensive and dejected than he had ever been; he sigh'd without ceasing, and conceal'd his Afflictions within his own Breast. He was happy only when he saw Madam de
Blese-

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Blesmont, who as carefully shunned him, either by going out to pay some Visits when he came, or by setting him down to Cards with some other Ladies, when she could not possibly get out. *Madam de Mouville* came often to see her, and could not help complaining in a kind of bantering Way, of the Coldness with which the Count always behaved to her, who, she said, had not once repeated his Visit, since the Evening he supped at her House, notwithstanding he had been frequently invited by *Mr. de Mouville*, who had seen him at several Places, and who had behaved to him with the utmost Politeness.

To say Truth, the Count was so taken up with the Marchioness, that he made but few Visits elsewhere. He often reflected on the Love he had borne to *Madam de Mouville*, and could not conceive how he could drop his Affection for her, without so much as knowing any thing of it, nor how it happened that he did not, at first, perceive the Impression which the Marchioness's Charms had made upon him. He said, within himself, he could not have thought he had been capable of Consolation for the Loss of *Maiselle de Selnac's* Heart, and that, had it not been for the Daughter of the Countess *de Salens*, he should have ever loved her, how inconstant soever she had proved. He felt for the Marchioness a Passion more lively and respectful, and much more violent than that he had entertained for *Madam de Mouville*, the former of whom he would often accuse of a Fault in her not guessing at his Sentiments, since he burned
with

with Impatience to declare them to her. And, when he was not in her Presence, he would blame himself for not making use of the Opportunities that had offered of doing it. But, the Moment he saw her, Respect, Fear of displeasing her, and the Crime he should commit against the Marquis, all united to force him to keep a Silence, which rendered his Life unhappy. His Sighs, his Looks, his Affiduities to the Marchioness, when he could be observed only by her, would, doubtless, have been the Interpreters of his Passion, had not that Lady been prejudiced with the Opinion that he still loved *Madam de Mouville*; but that Prejudice prevented her from discovering the Truth. This drove the Count to Desperation; sometimes he had a strong Inclination to tell her plainly he no longer loved *Madam de Mouville*; but then he was apprehensive he should not be sufficiently Master of himself to conceal the true Cause of it, and was afraid the Marchioness would prohibit him from seeing her, to punish him for presuming to make her such a Declaration. He therefore set his Invention to work to contrive some other Way of breaking his Mind to her, and formed one which he determined to put in execution.



C H A P. XXIII.

*Such gentle Rape thou act'st upon my Soul,
And with such pleasing Violence dost force it still,
That when it should resist, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of Haste to be undone.*

SUCKLING.

DURING a Journey which the Count made to *Blesmont*, with the Marquis and Marchioness, he wrote some Verses, which contained a Description of the amiable Qualities of the latter, and the Ardour he felt for her; it was a kind of Elogy, full of Wit and Tenderneſs. He pretended to have lost it in the Park, and shewed a great Concern about it before the Marchioness, without telling her, however, what it was. She immediately gave Orders that diligent Search should be made after the Paper, that it might be restored to him. It could not be found, as may be easily concluded, since the Count had it in his own Pocket. He kept it, in order to drop it himself in the Grove, the Moment before she should go there. In that Place she commonly walked alone, about half an Hour every Morning, immediately after she rose, under Pretence of reading; but it was only that she might enjoy her Thoughts without Restraint. The Count was several times tempted to have broke in upon her Retirement, and would certainly have done so, had she not often said in his Hearing, that she should not take it well of any Person, to interrupt the Moments she had set apart for Reading. However, the

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Morning after he had finished the Verses, he went, as soon as he was up, to the Labyrinth, where she used to walk, and the Moment he perceived her, he threw down his Paper, and concealed himself in a thick Arbour, to see if she would pick them up and read them, and to examine what Effect they would have upon her.

He had soon Reason to be perfectly satisfied, for the Marchioness no sooner discovered the Paper, than she took it off the Ground, and casting her Eyes around, to see if any body observed her, she sat down on a Bench over against the Count, where she read over the Verses with incredible Surprize. She thought, at first, she had entertained false Hopes, and, that what she was reading was not designed for her; but on a second Perusal, she no longer doubted but she was the Person intended.

Heavens! cried she then, loud enough for the Count to hear her, and am I then beloved by the Man I hold most dear! How happy am I! And immediately falling into a profound Reverie, she run over in her Mind all that the Count had said to her. His Looks, his Actions, and a thousand little Civilities, which had before passed unnoticed, now all came fresh into her Thoughts: She was amazed she had not before observed Things, which now seemed of very easy Interpretation. She sighed; but her Sighs were occasioned only by the Joy she felt at finding she was beloved.

Then taking from her Pocket a Box, in which was contained the Count's Picture, she opened it, and viewed it with a Pleasure

sure, which the happy Count *de Zilman* plainly saw. That Satisfaction was interrupted by Reflections which too austere a Virtue occasioned her to make, and Tears dropped from her fair Eyes, which were alternately fixed on the Verses and the Ring; when, at last, going to put them up, the Count came from the Place where he had been concealed, and threw himself at her Feet.

Dare I believe my Eyes, Madam, said he, in a Transport of Love and Joy? May I believe your Words? And ought I to ask whether I am that happy Mortal you just now mentioned?

The Marchioness stood like a Statue at the Sight of the Count, and the Verses and Ring dropped suddenly out of her Hands. But recovering a little from her Surprise, she was about to get away, when the Count, who had taken up the Ring, stopped her in order to return it to her.

For Heaven's sake, fairest *Julia*, said he (permit me still to call you by that loved Name) for Heav'n's sake resume the Picture, and be assured you have nothing to fear in staying a few Moments longer with me, as my Respect is equal to my Love.

The lovely Marchioness was in such a Consternation, that she had not Power to withdraw her Hands from those of the Count, but sitting down again on the Seat she was just risen from, told the Count, with a Disorder and Confusion that rendered her still more charming, that he had just given her an Uneasiness which would ever dwell upon her Heart; but, however, she

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would pardon him for it, on Condition he would, from that very Day, find some Cause for absenting himself from her, and never set Eyes on her again.

Ah! Madam, answered the Count, grieved beyond all Measure at the Sentence she had just passed, would you have me abandon you? What will become of me if I must lose you? What will the Marquis think of my Flight? Do you imagine I can ever cease loving you? No, no, my adorable *Julia*, hope not that I will depart hence, after what I have heard from those dear Lips; suffer me then to pass my Days in gazing upon you, in admiring you, and in proving, that if I am so highly favoured of Heaven, as to possess a Corner of your Heart, I deserve it on account of the truest Love that Man ever felt.

The Knowledge of the Secret you have just now gained without my Intention (interrupted the Marchioness, with a gentle Look, mixed with more Loftiness than the Count had ever seen in her before) has, doubtless, made you forget what I owe to the Marquis *de Blefemont*, and to my self, as well as what you owe to me. You know my Weakness, and that has made you wanting, as well in your Esteem for me, as in Obedience to Commands which I have a Right to inflict, and which I must now repeat to you, with this Addition, that I neither can, or will, ever see you more. Adieu, therefore, said she, be careful for the future to avoid me, and assure yourself I shall not bear your Absence without Pain.

Well, Madam, answered the Count, almost frantic at her last Words, you shall be obeyed,

I will leave you ; but depend upon it, the last Moment I see you, will be the last of my Life. I had almost put an End to it for a Woman not half so lovely as you, or by me half so much adored ; doubt not, then, but I will with much greater Readiness sacrifice that Life to your Repose. Adieu, Madam, continued he, kissing her Hand, I will now, for ever rid you of the Sight of the most tender and most unhappy of all Mankind. Cruel Man, said the Marchioness, terrified at the Resolution he had taken, stay and remember that your Life is more precious to me, even than my own ; preserve it then, I conjure you, and do not leave me, since my Absence would be so fatal to you ; but, remember, that I permit you to see me, only upon Condition you never mention to me a Word of your Sentiments, or question me of mine ; that you carefully avoid being alone with me ; and that you shall most carefully conceal from all Mankind, our ill-fated Passion ; and think, at the same time, that if you break one of the Conditions I have prescribed, nothing will prevent an everlasting Parting. Then giving him to understand, that he must never expect any more such Conversations with her, she instantly left him.

After the Departure of the Marchioness, the Count examined the Ring which she had left with him, and saw what he had never observed before, namely, the Writing which the Marchioness had substituted in the place of the picture of *Madam de Mouville*. Delighted with this Discovery, he bestowed a thousand Kisses on the Characters of the tender Marchioness, and ever

afterwards wore the Ring on his Finger. In a few Days the Marchioness's Picture filled the place of *Mademoiselle de Selnac*, the Count having copied it in Miniature himself, without being taken notice of, from a large Painting which hung in one of the Rooms in the Castle.

The Count found his Heart much lighter, for having made a Declaration of his Passion to the Marchioness, and discovered her Love to him; and though he was determined punctually to obey her Commands, he had a very great Pleasure in thinking that he should, at least, have the Happiness to see her, and every Moment to make known to her his Affection, by fond Looks and indirect Discourse.

He returned to the Castle more easy in his Mind than he had been for some time. The Marchioness did not dare to look at him for several Days, and even absented herself, to visit her Sister *Felicia*, to whom she imparted, in Confidence of Secrecy, what had passed between her and the Count. After her Return to *Paris*, she was so cautious, that the Count could never be with her, except in the Presence of the Marquis, or when there was a great deal of Company at the House.

That Constraint which she imposed on him, as well as on herself, cost her many Sighs and Tears, but she judged it necessary. The Count had often the Pleasure of reading, in those faithful Interpreters, her Eyes, all that passed in her Breast, and of plainly shewing, by his own Looks, each tender Emotion of his Love. He saw her almost every Day, and sometimes was seized,

seized, on a sudden, with an extreme Sadness in viewing her, especially at the Times when the Marquis bestowed any little Endearments upon her. Then Jealousy took full Possession of his Breast, he would change Colour, and go out, that he might hide from every Eye the Knowledge of his Uneasiness. He always shewed an amazing Indifference to all other Persons with whom he was in Company, not excepting even *Madam de Mouville*, who could not well pardon the Ease with which he gave over his Love for her; and who, for a long time, had done all in her Power to discover if he had not a Passion for some other. She did not, at first, suspect the Marchioness; but she thought she perceived he loved her, and she rallied that Lady about it, who was really grieved to find she had discovered the Secret, and resolved to inform the Count of it, and to insist on his absenting himself for some time, in order to put an End to *Madam de Mouville's* Suspicions. She also, sometimes, found the Marquis very pensive, and was afraid he entertained the same Opinion with the President's Lady.

This then determined her to have a private Conversation with the Count. She told him her Apprehensions, and prevailed on him to take a Journey to *England*. She even pressed him to fix the Day of his Departure, and to make him amends for the Pain which his Absence from her would cause, she assured him, she would never cease to think of him. The Count having thanked her a thousand Times, for her obliging Promise, took a reluctant Leave of

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her, and gave her his Word, he would not stay above five or six Days longer at *Paris*.

The same Evening he acquainted the Marquis with his Design of going to *England*, who seemed much surprized at his sudden Resolution, though he did not in the least dissuade him from it.

C H A P XXIV.

*Of you I am not jealous ;
'Tis my own Indesert that gives me Fears,
And Tendernefs forms Dangers where they are not.*
STEELE.

THE Night before the Count's Departure, he was in his Chamber, walking about with an Air of great Pensiveness and Melancholy; he had opened his Ring, and had his Eyes fixed on the Marchioness's Picture, which he kissed with the greatest Ardour, when the Marquis, who was come on a friendly Visit, without having sent up his Name, suddenly entered the Room, and was a Witness to that Action of the Count, and advanced towards him soon enough to perceive the Marchioness's Features. What do I see, cried he, *Madam de Blefemont's* Picture in your Hands? Do my Eyes deceive me, or must I look upon you as my greatest Enemy? The Count, thunder-struck at these Words of the Marquis, and fearing he should suspect there was an Intelligence between him and the Marchioness, drew his Sword, and offered it to him.

him. Punish, said he, a Friend, who could not withstand the Charms of the Marchioness *de Blefemont*, punish him for loving her this Moment more dearly than his own Life, but do not harbour a Thought to the Disadvantage of that virtuous Lady. I had not this Ring from her, she does not so much as know it is in my Possession, and you have not the least Room to reproach her, for I swear by all that is good and sacred, she has never exceeded the Bounds of what the strictest Virtue could prescribe to her. The Count then held his Peace, and the Marquis giving him back his Sword, and dropping a few Tears which he could not contain, said to him, I too well know the Marchioness's Prudence, to suspect her of failing in her Duty, and as I so sensibly feel the Force of her Charms, I am not surprized at the Impression they have made on you. I neither complain of you or her for the Anguish I now feel, you love her, you listen to your Passion rather than to that Friendship you owe me; in viewing her, you forget she is the Wife of one of your best Friends, but you have done, what in your Place, I perhaps, should have done myself. You have told me that the Marchioness is virtuous, and you have good Reason to do so. But can you assure me Count, that her Heart is mine? Do you think me so void of Understanding, as not to know the Difference there is, between you and a Man of my Years? Can you imagine that I flatter myself *Madam de Blefemont* considers me in the same Light as she does you? No, no, she loves you, Count, I plainly saw it, spight of her En-

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deavours to conceal it from me, but as I found she condemned the Inclination she had for you, and shunned you, I locked up my Grief in my own Breast, and kept it entirely from her Knowledge. Even you had been still an utter Stranger to it, had I not discovered her Picture in your Possession. But since I have surprized you, suffer me to lay open my whole Heart to you, and to complain of the Wound you have given me, but on which Account, however, I shall not entertain the least hatred against you. Allow me these Tears, which indeed but ill become me, but which too well-founded a Grief now forces me to shed. Visit the Marchioness as usual, I will not deprive you of that Pleasure, nor her of the Satisfaction she feels at your Presence.

No, I will shun you, answered the Count, fetching a deep Sigh, and this Moment I bid you an eternal Adieu. I will put in Execution a Project I was too late in forming. I am sensible, notwithstanding all you have said to me, that I must not expect again to see *Madam de Blefemont*, as she herself would not consent, though both you and I should approve it. I am greatly affected at the Moderation and Friendship, which has appeared in your Behaviour to me, when you had so many Reasons to hate me: I will therefore leave *Paris* tomorrow, but before I go from you, I hope that, on account of the long Friendship which has subsisted between us, you will not refuse me the Favours I am about to ask of you. The first is, that you will not look upon me as your Enemy;

the second, that you will suffer me to keep the fatal Picture I have now in my Possession ; and the third, that you will not think Madam *de Blefemont* has given me the least Preference to you.

I willingly grant you the two first, replied the Marquis ; but for the third I cannot do it, having about me certain Proofs to the contrary. Saying these Words, the Marquis shewed him a Letter the Marchioness had wrote about two Days before, to her Sister *Felicia*, which he had taken from the Servant that was to have carried it to her, with a View to clear up his Doubts, by seeing whether the Marchioness would not therein make some Discovery of her Sentiments.

Unhappily that Letter was filled with her Passion for the Count, and the Uneasiness she was about to suffer at his Absence. The Count having read it over with a secret Pleasure, returned it to the Marquis, and again bidding him adieu, assured him he was a thousand times more wretched than he. The Marquis, unable to return him the least Answer, embraced him, and went home in the greatest Agitation of Mind, but fully resolved not to say a Word to the Marchioness of what had just passed.

He found her very melancholy ; he well knew the Cause of it, for which Reason he said but little to her, and retired to his Closet, both that he might leave her at Liberty, and be so himself.

This was a terrible Night to her, nor did the Count pass it with less Uneasiness. He could not think of parting from her he held so dear,
and

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and by whom he was loved again, without being sometimes tempted at once to end his Misfortunes by a precipitate Death; but, happily, he did not take so fatal a Resolution. Not that he was unwilling to part with Life, but that he thought it would be more glorious to die in the Bed of Honour. He resolved, therefore, to return to *Germany*, and offer his Service to the Emperor, who was then at War with the *Turks*, and in consequence of that Resolution, he left *Paris* the next Morning, without bidding adieu to any of his Friends.

C H A P. XXV.

*His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the World, this was a Man!*

SHAKESPEAR.

TWO Days after the Count's Departure, an Accident happened which had liked to have cost the Marquis, and Madam *de Blefemont* their Lives; an Apartment, adjoining to theirs, took Fire, occasioned by the Carelessness of a Chamber-Maid; and, being awakened by the Smoke, found themselves almost surrounded by the Flames.

The Marchioness, terrified at the imminent Danger she was in, immediately leaped out of a Window, that looked into the Garden, which not being very high from the Ground, she came down without receiving the least Hurt. The
Marquis

Marquis followed her, but not with the same Success, for he broke his Leg, and lay upon the Spot, unable to stir. The Marchioness endeavoured to raise him up, but being unable to do it, she called out for Assistance. All the Servants were employed in extinguishing the Fire, which happily they soon compassed, by the Help of some of the Neighbours. Soon after, the Marquis was carried to another Apartment, and the Surgeon, who had been sent for, finding his Leg broke in two Places, and otherwise much shattered, declared it must be cut off. This News highly grieved the Marchioness, but for his Part he heard it without much Concern; and although he felt the most exquisite Pain, during the Operation, yet he preserved an admirable Tranquility of Mind the whole Time. *Madam de Blesemont* never quitted his Chamber, and refused to see, or speak to any other Persons than *Mr. de Mouville* and his Wife. In vain did the Marquis intreat her, not to stay continually with him, for she was resolved not to leave him, but to afford him all necessary Assistance; and this she performed with so affectionate a Zeal, that the Marquis was moved with the most lively Sense of Gratitude. If he had Reason to think he was not sole Master of her Heart, he was at least, firmly persuaded that she had a perfect Esteem and Friendship for him, which Assurance afforded him the greatest Satisfaction. The Fever had not left him, ever since he was first put to Bed, and had brought him excessively low; and in about a Fortnight's Time, it became

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came so violent, that the Physicians and Surgeons were of Opinion he could not live long.

The Marquis, who found his Strength continually decreasing, was very sensible that his last Hour was at Hand: This did not give him the least Disturbance, and he took his final Leave of the Marchioness in such a Manner, that made her burst into a Flood of Tears. He even so much exerted himself, as to talk to her above a quarter of an Hour, to inform her of several Affairs, to comfort her, and to give her Advice, dictated by the Love he bore her. He assured her, he should die contented, since he had Reason to hope that he was beloved, and should be regretted. Then giving her his Hand, which she watered with her Tears, he said to her, you are too much grieved at losing me, my dear *Julia*, take Comfort, I beseech you, think of me sometimes, and be assured I die perfectly satisfied with you. But I desire you will promise me to grant as soon as possible, my Request, which is contained in the Letter I now give you, and which you will not open till after my Death. The Marchioness, with Tears in her Eyes, engaged to perform what he required of her, and told him she hoped for the Happiness of seeing him get the better of his present Danger. She then left him, on his praying she would not interrupt the few Moments he had to live.

The Marchioness departed, and being informed, about an Hour afterwards, that the Marquis was dead, she got into her Coach, with *Madam de Mowville*, and went to the same Convent where *Felicia* resided, to deplore the Loss of

a Man, she had very justly esteemed, and whom she very sincerely regretted.

The Marquis died in the full Possession of his Senses, and with a Resignation that greatly moved, as well as surpris'd, all that were about him. He was universally lamented. One of his Relations took Care to pay him the last Duties, and to give Orders about the Marchionesses Affairs, which were not attended with much Difficulty, as the Marquis had left her all he was possess'd of.

So soon as she began to be a little recovered from her Grief, she took the Letter, which the Marquis had put into her Hand, a little before his Death, opened it in the Presence of her Sister, and read as follows.

‘ **W**HEN I reflect, my dearest *Julia*, that I have been so happy as to possess you, and to leave you Mistress of my whole Fortune, I quit this Life without repining. I thank you a thousand times, for your kind, affectionate, and virtuous Behaviour to me. I am equally surpris'd and delighted, at your prudent Conduct, considering how greatly you have been expos'd, for more than these six Months past, to the most lively Attacks, and which were so much the more dangerous, as your Heart always condemn'd the Resistance you made.’

‘ I therefore submit, without murmuring, to the Sentence which puts an End to a Life, that would soon have become insupportable, by too great an increase of Years. But tho’ I die without complaining of my Fate, I must own I am not
free

free from Disquietude. You are young, fair and rich, and will be soon surrounded by a Croud of Admirers, not one of whom, probably, will deserve you. Compelled by Youth, and the Advice of your Relations and Friends, to make a Choice, I am fearful, lest it should fall on a Person not suitable to you, and who may render your future Days unhappy. I therefore conjure you, that you bestow your Hand on none but the Count *de Zilman*. He alone merits your Love. His Age, his Character, his Birth, his Estate, the Passion he has for you, the Regard I have for him, all conduce to determine you in favour of him. Find out where he is, inform him of my Death, and so soon as he shall return, do not delay a Union, which must make you mutually happy. Love each other constantly, let me be sometimes, the Subject of your Conversations; and be assured, that in losing me, you have lost an affectionate Father, a sincere Friend, and a loving Husband.'

'Adieu, my dear *Julia*! Remember the Promise you made me, and consider that I should not have died contented, if I had thought you capable of breaking it.'

BLESEMONT.

This Letter greatly surpris'd the Marchioness, she was touched at this last Proof of his Affection, but could not conceive by what Means he had discovered the Count's Passion. After a number of Reflections, and a Flood of Tears, which Gratitude made her shed, she became more easy, and in two Months Time, which she
passed

passed with *Felicia*, the Affliction which was caused by the Marquis's Death, quite subsided; she only preserved a Remembrance of it, which she cherished during her whole Life.

The Idea of the Count never left her a Moment, and greatly disturbed her Peace. It made her fond of Solitude, and induced her to pass the whole Time of her Mourning in the Convent, with her Sister.

Felicia, questioning her, whether she intended to keep the Promise, she had made the Marquis, she sighed, and replied, that the Count's Absence made it impossible for her to say what she would do. That she knew not where he was, and if she did know, she could not prevail on herself to acquaint him with what the Marquis had required of her. That, perhaps, he himself had either lost his Life, or the Affection he had for her might be at an End, and therefore she did not chuse to form any Projects, for fear of flattering herself with false Hopes.

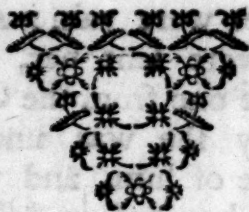
However, she had left Orders at *Paris*, that all Letters, directed either to her or the Marquis *de Blesmont*, should be brought to her, hoping the Count might write to him, by which Means she should get some Intelligence of him, as well as the Place of his Residence.

But her Hopes were vain: Amongst all the Letters which were sent her, she had not the Satisfaction to see one from the Count *de Zilman*. The impossibility she was under of knowing what was become of him, and whether he still loved her, threw her into an Affliction and Pensive-ness, equal to that of her Sister's. Often did

did that amiable young Lady strive to dispel the Marchioness's Grief, when at the same Time, she stood in as great Need of a Comforter herself; for she was still inconsolable for the Loss of the Baron *de Granville*: Still did she preserve a lively and tender Idea, of that unhappy Lover. And this Idea gave her so great a Disgust to the World, that at last she resolved, spite of the Marchioness's Intreaties, to quit it, and take the Vail, being firmly persuaded, it was the only Means that could restore her Peace of Mind.

She therefore began her Term of Probation, and, three Months afterwards, a Day was fixed for her taking the Habit; to which Ceremony a great number of Friends and Relations were invited.

Madam *de Mouville*, who had paid very frequent Visits to the Marchioness *de Blefemont*, did not fail being there. She brought with her a very rich Suit of Cloaths, and some Jewels, which the latter desired she would bring from her House, and she had Leave to enter the Convent, where she continued two Days before the Ceremony.



C H A P. XXVI.

*Wedded Love is founded on Esteem,
Which the fair Merits of the Mind engage,
For those are Charms that never can decay;
But Time, which gives new Whiteness to the Swan,
Improves their Lustre.*

FENTON.

FELICIA saw with great Pleasure the Arrival of that Day, in which she was to take the Vail. She was conducted to the Church, through a Crowd of admiring Spectators, who lamented that so much Beauty was going to be locked up in a Convent.

During the Ceremony, she preserved a noble, modest, and sedate Air; and when the whole was just concluded, a Coach was heard to stop at the Church Door, which was thought at first, to have brought some of the Persons who had been invited, but to the Amazement of many there present, the Countess *de Salens* entered the Church, led by the Baron *de Granville*.

When *Felicia* had cast her Eyes upon them, she immediately turned pale, and the Marchioness *de Blefemont* viewed *Madam de Mouville* with Looks of Surprise, mixed with Joy and Grief.

The Countess came up to the Grate, and prayed the Abbess, her Sister, to stop the Ceremony for a Moment, and come to the Parlour. She could not refuse her Request, and the trembling

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bling *Felicia*, accompanied by her Sister, and *Madam de Mourville*, came to the Parlour, where the Countess *de Salens* was alone, waiting their coming; for the Baron had been stopped by the President *de Mourville*: All the Company that were in the Church, stayed to see what would be the Issue. The Countess *de Salens* no sooner saw her Daughters, than she gave them her Hand. Her Tears, at first, hindered her from speaking, but at last she told them, she was now become their real Mother. That God, in his Goodness, had turned her Heart, and for the future, she would give them as many Proofs of her Affection, as she had before done her Hatred.

By way of beginning to make Amends for the Wrongs I have done you, my dear *Felicia*, I give up to you the Baron *de Granville*, whom you once loved, and for whom, doubtless you have still the same Affection; and in so doing, I have no other View but to make him your Husband. Be not surpris'd at what I tell you, continued she, perceiving the Amazement her Words had occasioned in every one present, the Baron *de Granville* has lost the Marchioness *de Mesval*, I myself closed her Eyes; I sent him an Account of her Death, and having been informed of his Love for you, from his own Mouth, I have brought him here to join your Hands, if you consent to it. Tell me therefore Daughter, added she, whether you have still the same Regard for the Baron?

Felicia, who had not yet recovered her Surprise, fell trembling on her Knees, without quitting the Countess's Hand, and told her, that,

as

as she was so good to her, she must confess she should think herself compleatly happy in being united with the Baron.

The Countess caused her to get up, and, after having tenderly embraced her, as also the Marchioness, told them she had heard the Story of their Misfortunes from *Madam de Mesval*, and had reproached herself a thousand times for the Injury she had done them, and that, had it not been for the firm Resolution she had taken of staying in the Convent she had fixed upon till she had proved the Sincerity of her Changes she would have come and assured them before, that she shared, like an affectionate Mother, the Misfortunes that had befallen them.

The Marchioness *de Blefemont* answered her, that the Happiness of seeing her again, and finding she now entertained such Sentiments of Friendship as she had always ardently wished for, made her that very Moment forget all her Troubles.

The Marquis *de Mesval*, whom the View of his approaching Happiness had filled with a Joy he could not contain, came into the Room. *Felicia* blushed, and was afraid lest the Dress she had on should make her appear less amiable in the Marquis's Eye. The Countess, who judged the Presence of so many Persons would be inconvenient, and prevent a Conversation which they must both long for with equal Impatience, engaged her Sister, her Daughter, and *Madam de Mouville*, to go into another Parlour, there to hear what she still had to relate to them.

Before she went, she sent an Invitation to all the Persons of Distinction who were in the Church, to be present a Fortnight afterwards, at the Nuptials of *Mademoiselle de Salens*, and the *Marquis de Mefval*, and all promised they would come with greater Pleasure to the Marriage, than they came to that Ceremony which was so near being over. The Countess then entered the Parlour, where she found only her Sister and *Madam de Blefmont*, *Madam de Mouville* being gone to comfort her Husband for the Loss of the unfortunate *Marchioness de Mefval*.

You must know, Sister, said the Countess *de Salens*, directing her Discourse to the Abbess, that something more than a Year and a half ago, I was seized with a Distemper, which, if we might judge by Appearances, would have brought me to my Grave. The Sight of approaching Death caused me seriously to reflect on my past Conduct. I then, for the first time, reproached myself with the having so barbarously sacrificed my amiable and virtuous Daughters to my own Vanity and Irregularities. *Felicia*, whom I thought the most to be pitied, was lamenting herself in a cruel Captivity; and I was then sensible how dreadful her Situation must be. In the mean time, by degrees, I recovered my Health; and in a few Months found myself in a Condition to go and set her at Liberty. But how great was my Grief, when I was informed of her Escape! I had pleased myself with the Thought of telling her that I had a thorough Sense of the Injustice of my Conduct towards her, that I would make her happy, and that she might, thenceforth, entertain

certain Hopes of the Baron *de Granville*. I made the strictest Enquiry what Road she took, but to no Purpose, for nobody could tell me. Under this Uncertainty, I searched every Place where I supposed she might be concealed. I afterwards went to *Beautros*, to see my Daughter *Julia*, and comfort her, if possible, for her unhappy Marriage with the Chevalier. But that brutal Man ordered his Doors to be shut against me, and sent me word that I positively should not see my Daughter. In short, after incredible Fatigue, I arrived at the Convent where I was educated, and should there have died of Grief, if, by the most lucky Chance in the World, I had not met with Madam *de Mesval*, who related to me all that had happened to my Daughters. Soon after I saw that amiable Lady breathe her last, full of Sentiments of Piety and Affection for her Husband.

The Countess added, that she designed to return to her Convent, immediately after the Marriage of her Daughter with the Marquis *de Mesval*. She then asked Leave to come into the Nunnery, which was readily granted her. *Felicia* left the Marquis *de Mesval* to go and meet her, together with the Marchioness *de Blefemont*.

The Interview of those three Ladies was equally tender and moving; the Countess, who sincerely repented the Ills she had made them suffer, was every Moment embracing them. She afterwards shut herself up with her lovely Daughters, in order to learn some Particulars she had not yet been informed of. And she then desired *Felicia* to throw off her Nun's Habit,

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bit, which was soon complied with, and *Felicia* resumed a Dress with Joy, which she had before quitted without Regret. The Countess was then desirous of going to the Apartments adjoining to the Convent, that she might, with less Restraint, pass the Fortnight preceding her Daughter's Nuptials. The Marquis *de Mesval* thought his dear *Felicia* more charming than ever. He approached her with an Air full of Tenderness and Respect, and kissed her Hand with a Transport, which threw the fair *Felicia* into a little Confusion.

Though the President *de Mouville* was greatly afflicted at his Sister's Death, he could not condemn the Marquis's Behaviour; he well knew how great was the Pleasure, again to behold the Mistress of one's Heart. He therefore mourned in secret the Fate of the Marchioness *de Mesval*, that he might not disturb a Joy which he would have sincerely partaken of, but for the Loss of a Sister he had always tenderly loved. He therefore proposed returning immediately to *Paris*; but the Intreaties of his Wife, and the rest of the Company, prevailed on him to stay till the Celebration of the Marriage.

The Marquis had never been so happy as he then seemed to be to the charming *Felicia*. The Time he was forced to wait before he could be joined to her for ever, was employed in making the necessary Preparations.

At length they bid adieu to the Abbess and Nuns, after having made considerable Presents to them all, and then getting into separate Coaches, went to one of the Countess's Friends,
whose

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whose Estate lay but two Leagues from the Convent.

At that Place the Marquis *de Mesval* espoused *Felicia*, and their Nuptials were celebrated in the Presence of a numerous Company. Mr. and Madam *de Mourville* then took leave of the new-married Couple, after having promised they would pay them a Visit at their Castle, so soon as they should be a little settled there. And in a short Time, the Countess *de Salens*, departed for the Convent, where she proposed to spend the rest of her Days.

The Marchioness *de Blefemont* passed the Time of her Mourning with her Aunt, and then went to *Paris*, where she led a very retired Life. Her only Pleasure was in thinking of the Count *de Zilman*, but even this was imbibittered by her Fears lest he was dead, or had forgotten her, which, considering his long Absence, as well as his Silence, seemed to be but too well grounded.

But, it is time we should inform the Reader what became of the Count. When he left *Paris*, he immediately went to *Germany*, and offered his Service as a Voluntier in the Imperial-Troops, which was accepted. In the Course of the War he had behaved so gallantly, that he became the Idol of the whole Army. The News of his Valour, had gone before him to *Vienna*, whither he went on the Peace being concluded; and being introduced to his Imperial Majesty, by the General under whom he had served, that Officer drew such a Picture of his Conduct and Intrepidity, assuring his Ma-

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jeſty, that more than one of the Victories they had obtained over the Infidels, might in great Meaſure, be attributed to the noble Example he ſet; that the Emperor preſented him with a Jewel of great Value, and to induce the Count to continue in his Service, offered him a conſiderable Command in his Army, and to appoint him Knight of the Order of the Golden-Fleece, but the Count politely and modeſtly declined it. And having heard of the Marquis's Death, by means of a *French Gentleman*, who had been alſo a Voluntier in that War, he flew to *Paris* on the Wings of Love, and was ſoon at the fair *Julia's* Feet, to whom he declared his Paſſion in Terms ſo pathetic, and at the ſame time ſo natural and ſincere, that the Marchionefs, whoſe Regard for the Count was unabated, frankly owned her Sentiments for him, and yielded to his preſſing Inſtances of joining their Hands in a ſhort time.

The Marquis *de Meſval* and *Felicia*, and the Preſident and his Lady, who were then at *Paris*, (and had before viſited the Marchionefs) hearing of the Count's Arrival, came to congratulate him upon his Return, and being informed of the Situation of Affairs between theſe two amiable Perſons, they teſtified the higheſt Approbation of their Deſign, and wiſhed them (as they doubted not they would enjoy) uninterrupted Happineſs.

Both the Count *de Zilman* and *Julia*, diſliking the Noiſe and Hurry of a Town-Marriage, it was agreed the Nuptials ſhould be celebrated the next Week at the Marquis *de Meſval's* Caſtle,

Castle, and Preparations were made accordingly.

In this short Interval, which seemed an Age to the Count, those Friends were inseparable, and the Evening before they left *Paris*, as they were talking over their former Misfortunes, and felicitating each other on this advantageous Change of their Situation, *Julia* expressed her Wonder, that the detestable *Lucy*, and the villainous Moor, had so effectually concealed themselves, as neither to be discovered, or so much as heard of.

The Count, hastily interrupting her, said, I have something to tell you of those execrable Wretches, but my Charmer will not be surprized, if the Sight of all I hold dear, and the Idea of my approaching Happiness, made me incapable of any other Thought.---In my Journey to *Paris*, as I was coming into the City of *****, where I propos'd to tarry for an Hour to refresh myself. No sooner had I alighted from my Horse, than I saw two Persons, a Man and a Woman, attended by a numerous Train of the Officers of Justice, coming through the Street; as they pass'd me, I perceiv'd them to be *Lucy* and the Moor, and was told they had been condemn'd, and were going to the Place of Execution. Nor Fear, Contrition, nor Repentance, appear'd in either of their Countenances, and disregardless of the Exhortations of the Priest that attend'd them, they sullenly mov'd forwards to receive their just Deserts. On enquiry into their Crimes, I found, that having been outwitted and robb'd of all they had by a Master-Sharper

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Sharper (who by means of a momentary Intrigue with *Lucy*, had been enabled to accomplish his Design) and fearing a Discovery, if they should stay near the Scene of their horrid Crimes, they had crossed the Country, and taken their Stand in a Wood, where they had committed several Robberies and Murders on unguarded Travellers. That the Magistrates having received Intelligence of their Enormities, had sent the Officers in pursuit of them, who, drawn by the Shrieks and cries of a Woman, came up at the very time the Moor, by the Assistance of *Lucy*, was about to rob and murder her. He added, that as the Execution was soon over, he was informed, they both died very impenitent.

As it was now late, the Company separated, and the next Day set out for the Marquis de *Mesval's* Castle, where the Count de *Zilman* and *Julia* (who had obtained the Countess's Approbation) were married in the Presence of a select Number of Relations and Friends. After a magnificent Supper and Ball, the Count flew to the Arms of his dear *Julia*, where he enjoyed a Bliss much better to be conceived than described. And for some Years they have lived in so perfect and uninterrupted an Affection and Harmony, that the World agrees they are true Patterns of conjugal Love, worthy the Imitation of all Ages.

The E N D.



